



MONTANA

the magazine of western history

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"I am at home here, and I want not only to know about my homeland, I want to live intelligently on it. I want certain data that will enable me to accommodate myself to it. Knowledge helps sympathy to achieve harmony."

—J. Frank Dobie



* * To Preserve, Publish, Promote and
Perpetuate Western History * *



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ABOUT THE COVER. This represents a monumental departure from our usual cover, since we have long featured reproductions of the brilliant art of Charles Marion Russell, the Montana cowboy artist, and no one else. But just unveiled in the new Union Bank and Trust building at Helena is a ceramic mural of tremendous art and historical significance by sculptor, artist, ceramist Rudy Autio. It is so brilliant that it defies exclusion. But this huge mural must be seen to be appreciated; these are only fragments of it. Yet we are honored and proud to present them to all people interested in The American Heritage.

This dramatic depiction of early day gold mining in Montana Territory carries actual weight in addition to merit. The work of the former artist on the staff of the Historical Society of Montana is 70 feet in length; the countless ceramic pieces comprising it weigh a total of 4½ tons. Our hats are off to Rudy Autio for one of the biggest and best of all western murals!

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Volume Nine

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July, 1959

"No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the Present who is ignorant of the Past, and no People who are indifferent to their Past need hope to make their Future great."

—author unknown.

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Yellowstone Years

by Hugh D. Galusha, Jr.

A story of the great National Park as chronicled in pictures, words and deeds by the venerable House of Haynes.

THE PRESENT House of Haynes is composed of Jack Ellis Haynes and his wife, Isabel M. Haynes, who is a full-time and effective working member. It was founded by Frank Jay Haynes (1853-1921). This has been a family combination with a remarkable singleness of purpose.

Since 1881, the House of Haynes has been photographing and chronicling

everything of significance about Yellowstone National Park, oldest in point of time of any National Park concession in the United States. Thus they have survived the wilderness era, the violent internecine warfare among concessioners, the U. S. Army, and the vagaries of a succession of conflicting federal policies over the past 78 years.

Maintaining the federal government as a landlord for that period of time might well be sufficient claim to fame for one family, particularly when the circumstances are analyzed. During this period, their economic climate has metamorphosed from unbridled laissez faire to a precisely regulated public utility. That the Haynes family has survived as official photographers of Yellowstone Park during such a period is attributable to a number of factors, not the least of which is a highly developed sense of patience and timing, so important to both a businessman dealing with officialdom and to a photographer of nature.

Paramount has been the family's love of Yellowstone, so evident in the thousands of photographs they have taken of the Park of which the three first viewed on these pages are world famous. These three pictures, which have appeared in reference works and geographies, with and without credit, for three or four generations of readers around the world, include: *Old Faithful* geyser, taken in 1882; *Lower Falls of the Yellowstone River*, taken in 1884, and *Deer and Reflection*, early, but for which the original wrapper with date has been lost (rare indeed for Haynes).

Jack Haynes' knowledge of Yellowstone Park is encyclopedic. Every phase



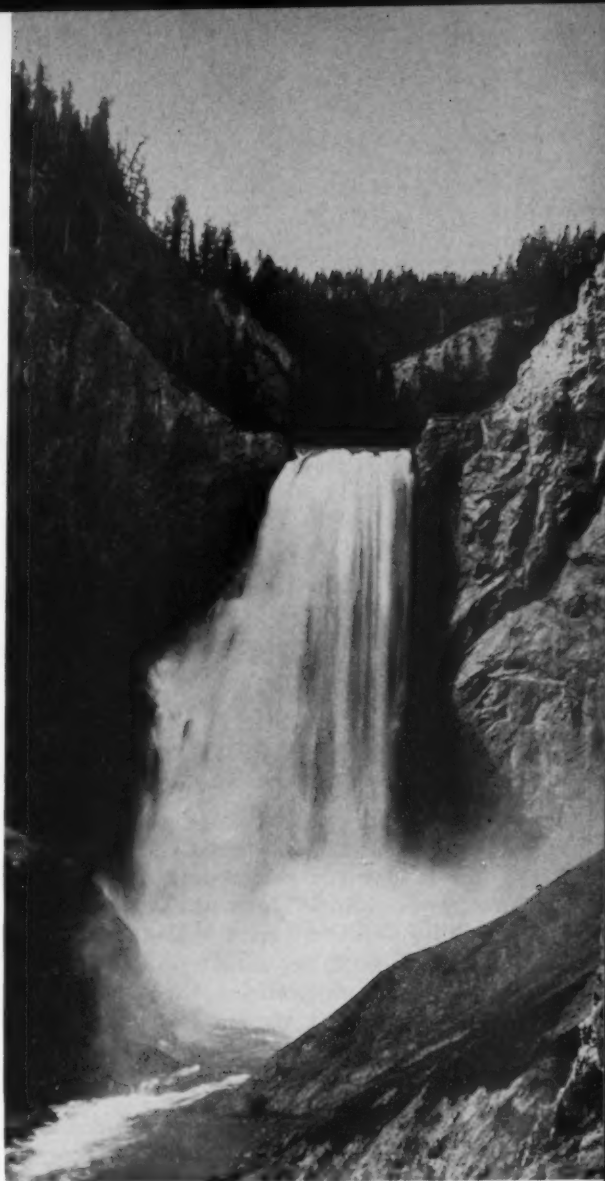
of man's tenancy in the Park is documented, by photograph, by written reference, and by hours of tape recording of his superb anecdotes. For this information alone, the Haynes family is sheer delight to a historian. But they have been more than photographer-historians of the natural wonders of Yellowstone.

From a base studio in Moorhead, Minnesota (1875-6), then a move to Fargo (1879), followed by a studio in St. Paul (established in 1889), Frank Jay Haynes traveled widely throughout the frontier Northwest. On foot, horseback, and finally with "Haynes Palace Studio Car" on the Northern Pacific Railway, Frank Jay Haynes photographed anything and everything. When he wasn't photographing for hire, he photographed for pleasure. But what makes the Haynes collection memorable is not so much its volume and variety over so many years, but the meticulous indexing by date, location, and subject of every photograph retained.

Historical significance is easily recognized from a distance, but few have the discernment to recognize it when the event occurs. As every researcher knows, there is frequently more to be gained from the minutiae of a period than from the isolated big events. Properly related items, even though individually inconsequential, illumine a scene and make it whole and in context, while the single item may be only a teaser. Too often a single unidentified historical photograph is like a good story with the punch line forgotten. The Haynes collection is in context. Despite the fact that it is huge it is also amazingly well kept and preserved.

Frank Jay Haynes learned to photograph as an apprentice to his sister and brother-in-law in 1875-6 in Ripon, Wisconsin. He opened his first studio at

A descendant of Montana pioneers, Hugh D. Galusha, Jr., combines an academic background of education in law and accounting with an energetic, searching interest in frontier history. He is an avid reader and collector of Americana. As counsel for many of the concessionaires he has acquired a fount of background on all phases of Yellowstone, as this spritely article readily attests.





Moorhead on September 7, 1876. In an era of general restlessness, he was no exception. In 1880, he was photographed taking a picture of the Great Falls of the Missouri in which photograph he appears so much the apotheosis of young adventure that the hard physical difficulties of wet plate photography are apt to be overlooked. (See page 6.)

By 1877 Haynes had photographed his way through Dakota Territory, of which the historically brilliant photograph of Crook City (page 18) is an example. Later that same year, he had his first public exhibition at the Minnesota State Fair, which contributed to his being appointed "Official Photographer" for the Westward-building Northern Pacific Railway.

The association with the Northern Pacific and its promotion program for the Northwest is responsible for one of the most important elements, in a historical sense, of the Haynes collection. All phases of life in the Territories served by the Northern Pacific were photographed as part of a single image. An example is the photograph on page

7 of the 1879 "Catalogue of Northern Pacific Stereoscopic Views."

Such catalogs, carefully preserved by the House of Haynes, and the pictures described are priceless to a researcher because they treat as a coherent whole the elements of a way of life at a particular point of reference.

The "Haynes Palace Studio Car" was a logical development from the Northern Pacific connection (see above). The car is carefully described in a clipping from the *Scientific American*, preserved in one of the countless Haynes scrapbooks: "This car is built after the latest pattern of Pullman cars 66 feet long, 12 wheels, air brakes, air signal and all other improvements. The observation end consists of two large plate glass windows, and glass doors running nearly to the floor."

After continuing at some length to describe the accouterments of the car, it quoted Mr. Haynes as saying, "As we simply make negatives and proofs in the car, the printing and finishing department is dispensed with. We finish all work at headquarters at Fargo, mailing



The "Haynes Palace Studio" railway car in which Frank Jay Haynes traveled as official photographer for the Northern Pacific Railway between 1885 and 1905 is shown above. The interior view (opposite page) reveals some of the features of this unique car which served as a "base" from which the photographer recorded on film a wealth of historical scenes, events and people along the entire length of the Northern Pacific and hundred of miles both ways. Many of them, preserved, catalogued and documented by his son, Jack Ellis Haynes, are reproduced with this article.

the finished pictures to customers. We bill a town the same as any traveling show, and advertise for a certain number of days. The novelty of the thing attracts everybody, and of course, artistic photography is in demand the world over."

The traveling frontier studio for many years filled the vital gap between no photographers at all and the eventual establishment of local photographic studios. It operated from 1885 to 1905, and covered the entire new Northern Pacific system running from St. Paul to Seattle. Photographers being as they are, when no customer appeared with a prize wife, child, home, bull, or horse, which were the preferred subjects, they traveled out from the car taking pictures of any scene that interested them. In this way, the Haynes Palace Studio car helped chronicle pioneer life, not only along the Northern Pacific right-of-way, but for several hundred miles on each side. Many of these are among the classics of that sparsely-documented period.

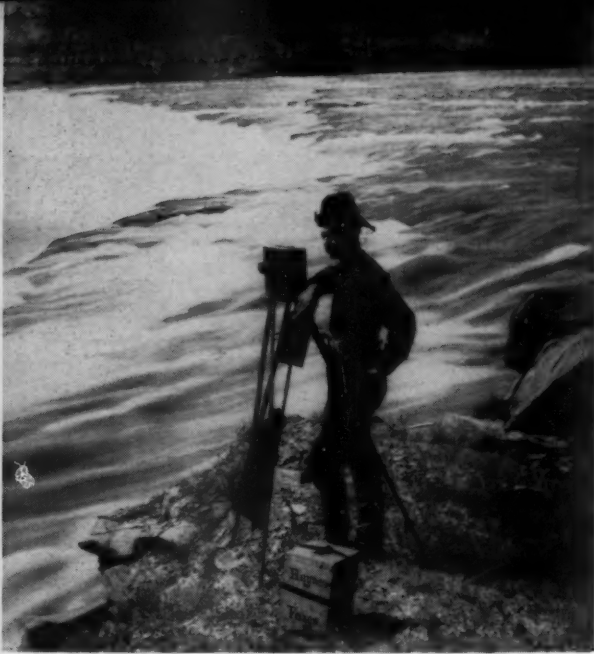
The traveling studio, as well as the permanent studio, helped train many a photographer. Perhaps the most famous "graduate" was L. A. Huffman, who did his able work out of Fort Keogh and early Miles City, Montana Territory, after his apprenticeship.

The historical perception of Frank Jay Haynes is manifest in hundreds of rare photographs. The American Indian was particularly fascinating to him. Three splendid examples of his Indian portrait skill are the wet-plate studies of Chief

Joseph of the Nez Perce; Louis, the adopted son of the great Sitting Bull; and the dignified face of Chief Charlo of the Flatheads in 1883. (See pp. 12, 13.)

The photograph of Chief Joseph is a classic bit of historical documentation. It has been reproduced more frequently than any other, usually without credit. It is probably the first photograph ever taken of this famous leader of the Nez Perce. In a letter to Jack Ellis Haynes, the late Elmo Scott Watson, then head of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, said: "In the monograph, *Flatboating on the Yellowstone*, 1877, written by Fred G. Bond and published several years ago by the New York Public Library, I find the statement, referring to Bond's arrival in Bismarck, November, 1877, with one of the flatboats on which the captive Nez Perce was taken down the river: 'Mr. Haynes, the photographer, charged me \$15.00 for three pictures (of myself) but I have one of these pictures now, to recall my early healthy manhood.'

"This definitely places Mr. Haynes at this mark in November, 1877, when the Nez Perce arrived there, and, I believe, strengthens my assumption that his portrait of Chief Joseph was taken there at that time. I have been unable to find any record of a photograph of Joseph having been made *before* 1877, so I believe it is reasonable to assume that the Haynes portrait, made in Bismarck in November of that year, was indeed the *first*." (Letter from Watson dated 13 July, 1949, and addressed to Mr. J. E. Haynes.)



Young Frank Jay Haynes, shown (left) photographing the Great Falls of the Missouri in 1880, appears casual and carefree as he stands by his camera which recorded so much of an era now past.

Anything that passed through the hands of Frank Jay Haynes that appeared to have any significance at all was photographed and meticulously indexed. One of many such examples is the American Fur Company Medal, now in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society and shown on page 13. This rare medal was found by Frank Jay Haynes, together with a skull and flintlock gun, south of Dickinson in Dakota Territory. He attributed it to one of eight given by John Jacob Astor in 1808 to the chiefs of various tribes.

Montana communities, many military posts and trading stations of territorial days, most of them now of the ghost variety, have been vividly preserved in Haynes photographs. Witness those of once-exciting Fort Benton, drowsily sunning itself on the banks of the Missouri in 1880 in the sunset days of its historic greatness (page 17); the remarkable likeness of famed Cow Island camp and landing on the Big Muddy in the same year (page 16); the graphic, animated delineation of a living gold camp, now long dead—Pioneer City, M. T.,—as Haynes dramatically captured its principal thoroughfare in 1883 (page 19); the interesting study of family frontier life as it centered around a

trader's store, in this case the establishment of H. A. Lambert on the Flathead (Jocko) Indian Reservation in 1884 (page 20); a glimpse of stagecoach transportation and the long-forgotten stage station of Calvin, in 1887 (page 15); the detailed microcosm of a then-significant mining and smelting camp, Wickes, as it looked in the winter of 1885 (page 21); and an important milestone in transcontinental railroading, the first train at Rimini crossing the Continental Divide of the Rockies on November 30, 1886 (page 21). Such vital documentations of western history are but a few of the many scenes preserved for future generations by the discerning lens of Frank Jay Haynes. There were countless others of equal historical impact.

In 1881, Frank Jay Haynes made his first exploratory trip into the primitive reaches of what had become, nine years before, Yellowstone National Park. In 1882 he went back. In 1883, he accompanied the party of President Chester A. Arthur through the pristine Park (see page 11); and in 1884, he came back to stay. That year he was granted his first franchise—and it was one of the first of all franchises—to do business in Yellowstone National Park, when he established his initial studio at Mammoth Hot Springs. Neither the Haynes family or the various agencies charged with administration of Yellowstone have ever had occasion to regret the choice; or at least for long. Since then Haynes photographs have carried the message of the wonders of Yellowstone around the world. A flood of postcards, two thousand feet high, now flows out of Yellowstone Park in an average season.

Horace M. Albright, famous in his own right as a protector of the national parks and wilderness areas, had this to say about the House of Haynes in his 1921 report as the then superintendent of Yellowstone National Park: "While

Reproduced here is the January, 1879, version of the Haynes catalog. Carefully preserved by the House of Haynes, these catalogs are in themselves valuable historical documents and reveal the extent of Frank Jay Haynes' photographic record of his times.

due to his careful management and keen business acumen, all of Mr. Haynes' concessions in the Park have proven satisfactory from a financial standpoint, he always also had a keen sense of obligation toward the Park and its development as the property of the public. His splendid photographs of the Park scenery have been widely distributed all over the world for many years, and their influence in bringing the National Park into its present prominence is beyond estimate."

George Bird Grinnell wrote to Jack Ellis Haynes in 1922 to acknowledge the debt of the conservationists to Frank Jay Haynes: "The service rendered by your father in making known the whole Park to a wide public was most important; and besides that, he rendered other services by giving information to people who were fighting for the Park here in the east during the strenuous days from 1883 to 1895."

General Hiram M. Chittenden, author of the definitive book *The Yellowstone National Park*, and who had charge of all engineering in the Park in its formative stages, wrote this: "Oldest in service of the able businessmen whom the Park has developed is Frank J. Haynes, first official Park photographer. Mr. Haynes first went to the Park in 1881, and for many years thereafter his chief activity was the exploitation of his photographs of Park attractions. These photographs have gone all over the world and probably done more than any other agency to spread the knowledge of that region."

There is probably no other comparable area in the United States that has been as lovingly photographed and written about in such detail by one family over as long a period as has Yellowstone by the Haynes family. Every student of western history is aware of the winter of 1886-7 as the winter, which, because of its severity, brought to a close the fabulous open-range livestock era.

1879. JANUARY, 1879.

CATALOGUE OF

NORTHERN PACIFIC

STEREOSCOPIC+VIEWS.

OF ALL IMPORTANT PLACES BETWEEN
LAKE SUPERIOR AND MISSOURI
RIVER ON THE LINE OF
THE N P R R.

Views of the

GREAT WHEAT FARMS

In Red River Valley a Specialty.

PHOTOGRAPHED AND PUBLISHED BY

F. JAY HAYNES.

MOORHEAD, MINN.

ORDERS BY MAIL SOLICITED.

25 CENTS EACH. \$2.50 PER DOZ.

109. "Tribune" Block.
110. N. W. E. S. & T. Co.'s Building.
186. Ice Bridge over Missouri River.
187. First Train over Missouri River.
188. Track Laying on " "
189. Sheridan House.
190. " " Billiard Hall.
192. Black Hills Coach.
194. Black Hills Freighters Bound Out.

FORT LINCOLN, DAKOTA,

Situated on the West Banks of the Missouri
River, opposite Bismarck.

82. Cavalry Quarters.
83. 7th Cavalry Band.
84. Gatling Gun Battery.
85. Guard Mounting.
86. Guard House.
88. War Horse "Comanche."
89. Lieut. Kuave's "Favorite."
90. Comanche Ready for Action.
91. Ferry Landing.
92. Block House.
105. Officers' Quarters (Custer's Residence).

JAMESTOWN AND FORT SEWARD.

46. James Lee's Block.
47. Business Houses.
48. Main Street, Seward, in distance.
49. N. P. Depot, Jamestown.
51. Group at Fort Seward.
52. Jamestown Valley from Seward.
54. Officers' Quarters, Ft. Seward.

1879 The Great Wheat Farms IN RED RIVER VALLEY.

THE DALRYMPLE FARM,

Is Situated 20 Miles West of Fargo, on the
N. P. R. R.

THE GRANDIN FARM,

Is Situated 30 Miles North of Fargo, on
Red River.

32. Group Farm Laborers.
34. Plow Teams.
35. Office.
36. Cheney Barn.
37. Cheney Buildings.
38. Plow Teams Backsetting. (back view).
39. " " " (front view)
40. Grain House.
74. Laborers, Grandin No. 2.
75. Seeding (16 teams).
76. Harrowing, (40 teams).
133. Heads of Dalrymple Wheat.
136. Viewing the Harvest.
137. Excursion train to the Harvest.
138. Excursion party in the Field.
139. Harvest Hands.
140. Harvesting.
141. Wool's Self-Binder.
142. Harvesting.
143. Harvesters at Work.
144. Harvesters and Shockers.

1879 THE STICKNEY, MACE & LORING WHEAT FARM,

Is Situated 7 Miles Northeast of Moorhead

182. Buildings from East.
183. " " West.
184. Seeding.
185. Harrowing.
275. Group of Employees.
323. Haying.
324. Breaking (Front).
325. " (Back).

HUNTING SCENES AND MISCELLANEOUS VIEWS.

29. Result of an Hour's Sport (Ducks, &c.).
30. Hunter's Return.
31. N. P. Hunting Car.
45. Cheyenne Guide.
63. Christmas Morn (Front).
64. Beauties of the Frost.
145. Marsh Self-Binder and Oxen (Front).
149. " (Back).
249. N. P. Depot, Casselton, D. T.
- 288-289-290. Street Views, Casselton, D. T.
291. E. S. Tyler & Co.'s Store, " "
295. Steamer "Manitoba," Grand Forks, D. T.
296. Brown & Mettler's Block, " "
297. Land Office, " "
298. Hudson Bay Co.'s Block, " "
299. Lyon & Daheny Block, " "
300. Main Street, " "
318. Steele Station, N. P. R. R.
319. Breaking Steele Farm.
320. Plowing " "
360. A Special.
361. Sporting Party with Hunting Car.
- 363-364. Interior of City of Worcester.
365. City of Worcester at Crystal Springs.
366. One Day's Hunt (5 Antelope).
367. Our Party, W. E. C. Company.

Yet in this same "terrible" winter, Frank Jay Haynes led a tiny expedition of four men on a 200-mile trip through the Park; a trip which took 25 days in January, 1887. This expedition was originally organized by the New York *World* but the famous polar explorer brought in to head the party ignominiously succumbed at Norris, the first stop, where a winterkeeper injudiciously opened the hotel liquor storage. The little party almost perished on Dunraven Pass. There, lost in a blizzard,



The calm beauty of Yellowstone Park in winter is revealed in the two pictures reproduced on this page. But the viewer should bear in mind that both were taken in January, 1887 when Frank Jay Haynes and a small party of men undertook a hazardous 200-mile expedition in below-zero weather during which they were lost for four days in a blizzard. Photographer Haynes is leading the party of skiers in the picture above, taken at Upper Geyser Basin. The beautiful 1887 scene below which shows Lower Falls in wintry splendor, was photographed from Point Lookout.





This picture, taken as Photographer Haynes and his crew were heading for Yellowstone Canyon in 1887, give some idea of the weight and bulk of camera equipment needed to produce his pictures. Haynes is at the extreme right.

they wandered for four days in forty below zero weather. Two calm photographs which reveal little of the severity and hardship of this historic trip appear at the left.

Reference was made earlier to the problems of transporting the cumbersome early-day photographic equipment. The best camera Frank Jay Haynes could buy in 1884 took a picture 20 by 24 inches, and used a heavy glass plate. One ascertains the weight and bulk of such equipment from the photo seen above. On this particular trip in 1884, the party was bound for the floor of Yellowstone Canyon. The last seven miles was a descent into the Canyon itself, down a narrow tortuous route. On this dangerous portion of the trip, the men actually substituted for the horse, since a horse could not find footing.

* * *

The extraordinary and meticulous indexing and cross-indexing of photographs and the information files of the present Haynes collection is illustrated readily by the following:

(a) The writer requested information on the President Arthur party, and the famous 1883 print (page 11) was supplied along with a considerable amount of general documentation.

(b) He then requested the names of the individuals. From the information file came a newspaper print of the photograph with the men identified. A cross reference to a stage coach was clipped to the file, so this subject was pursued. The reference was to an article which appeared in the *Denver Post*. It reads:

"HISTORY OF FAMOUS OLD STAGE COACHES OF FRONTIER TRACED—Special to the *Denver Post*. Yellowstone Park, July 13, (1935)—From opposite ends of the continent three men have met this week in Yellowstone Park, attracted more by the old stage coaches than by the hot-water phenomena or natural wonders.

"From Concord, N. H. came Charles and Edwin Burgem, both nearly 80, to trace the history of some of the old Concord coaches which were used in the early history of the park. They found that many of them were manufactured by Abbott-Downing, famous Concord coach makers of Concord, N. H. Their father, John Burgem, was a coach ornamentalist for the now extinct firm.



TWO SEATED M-Y SURREY



A THREE SEATED M-Y SURREY



FOUR PASSENGER M-Y CONCORD COACH



IN ELEVEN PASSENGER M-Y CONCORD COACH



The composite picture (left) shows the variety of horse-drawn equipment available to tourists in Yellowstone Park from 1886 until transportation was motorized in 1916. Frank Jay Haynes joined George W. Wakefield in operating a stage line through the Park, and the year of 1915 saw their famed M-Y coaches carrying a record 20,151 passengers.

"From Seattle came Charles W. Bronson, one of the few remaining old-time stage coach drivers. His interest centered about Old Minerva, an ancient Concord coach which he drove in the '80s. It is now in possession of Jack E. Haynes, son of the man who operated one of the earliest stage lines in the park.

"Bronson, now 67, discovered Old Minerva sheltered in a modern garage. Of greatest interest to the Burgems was the discovery that the Deadwood coach, oldest in the park, now resting on the steps of the museum at Mammoth Hot Springs, was one of those which had experienced the artistic touch of their father's hand.

"This coach was among the first to carry mail in Montana, at a time when there was mail service once a week between Helena and Bozeman.

"It was captured by the Indians in 1877, but was recovered by soldiers under General (O. O.) Howard after a pursuit and struggle. Among prominent persons who rode in the coach were General (James A.) Garfield before he became President; President Chester A. Arthur, during his visit in 1883, and General (William Tecumseh) Sherman, when he came here on a tour of inspection in 1877."

(c) What about the Deadwood Coach was the next question. A photograph was speedily produced. It's the one seen on page 11.

(d) How about Charles W. Bronson and Minerva? Here appeared the photograph below left; but more than that—a trip to the basement to see the actual coach, carefully preserved and intact.

(e) Here the writer, certain of the archival thoroughness of the collection, abandoned the inquiry; but not Jack Haynes. He then produced the Crook

The venerable Concord coach "Old Minerva" was pictured (left) with its driver, Charles W. Bronson, in 1914. In his article, Mr. Galusha recounts the history of this Yellowstone coach which is preserved intact in the basement of the House of Haynes.



This historic picture of President Chester A. Arthur and his party at Upper Geyser Basin in Yellowstone Park was taken by Frank Jay Haynes in 1883. Besides the President, this party consisted of some of the most prominent men of the day, and are identified as follows: Standing, rear, left to right, Col. "Mike" Sheridan, military secretary to the President and brother of Gen. Phil Sheridan; Brig. Gen. Anson Stager, U. S. Volunteers; Capt. Philo P. Clark, U. S. Second Cavalry; Judge Daniel G. Rollins, Surrogate of New York and a close personal friend of the President; and Lt. Col. James F. Gregory, the President's aide-de-camp. Seated, left to right, Montana Governor Schuyler Crosby, appointed to the Governorship by President Arthur; Gen Phil Sheridan; the President; Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War and son of martyred Abraham Lincoln; and Senator George G. Vest of Missouri, the only Democrat in the group and chairman of the Senate committee investigating Indian affairs.

City photograph mentioned earlier, and remarked that his father had, on that particular trip in Crook City, stayed with W. D. Bronson, the father of Charles W. Bronson. W. D. Bronson was agent for the N. W. Express and Stage Company. Corroboration was supplied by a letter from Crook City written at the time by Frank Jay Haynes to his wife. Not until 1935 was this file completed, for at the time Charles W. Bronson worked in the Park, the prior family connection was not known.

Two other unusual activities of Frank Jay Haynes should be mentioned. The first of these was the operation of a stage line. In 1886, with only three studios separated by 1,200 miles to supervise, he formed a partnership with George W. Wakefield to run a stage line through Yellowstone. From this beginning came the "Red Line" in 1898

The picture (below) of the National Park and Deadwood stage which operated in the Park in the 1880's is another historic Haynes photo. This stage, preserved at Yellowstone Park, was among the first to carry mail in Montana.





whose M-Y coaches carried 20,151 tourists through Yellowstone from Monida, in the season of 1915, to establish a record for horsedrawn equipment in Yellowstone. Some idea of the variety of equipment is shown in the composite photograph from the Haynes files, seen on page 10.

The line of coaches on a busy day might stretch for miles. On the day of the memorable M-Y holdup south of Madison Junction in July, 1915, the Superintendent of Red Line estimated the line of coaches was 12 miles long! A representative photograph of such a procession, speedily lifted from the Haynes files, is shown on page 14. [For a lively account of five such memorable events see the excellent monograph *Yellowstone Stage Holdup*, 32 pp., illustrated, sold by Haynes Studio. Ed.]

When the Park was motorized in 1916, the Haynes family went out of the transportation business. Fortunately for the historian, though, every phase of this pioneer transportation has been preserved in a Haynes photograph.

It is an example of the nice blending of business instinct and love of the Park, characteristic of the House of Haynes, that they stored long-outdated postcards of their four- and six-horse stage coaches until the recent day when television aroused the interest of American small fry in such rigs and created a

new market. However, it takes an enterprise of considerable staying power to bridge the gap between current obsolescence and eventual historical interest. There are 89,934 Haynes colored postcards of Canyon Hotel and Canyon Lodge, both buildings now being razed, going into storage from which they will be withdrawn at the current demand rate of about 100 per year. But who knows? Perhaps some day a history-inspired demand may develop, and Haynes, Inc. will be ready to meet it!

One of the major areas of contribution to the Yellowstone experience of the Park visitor, has been the *Haynes Guide*. This venerable and very useful book, long approved by the National Park Service, and which has served as a prototype throughout the Park system, has been revised almost annually since its first appearance, way back in 1890. The development of guidebooks in Yellowstone is a fascinating study in itself. These books, starting with Henry J. Norton's *Wonderland* (published in Virginia City in 1873), provide a mirror of their times. The evolution of travel and the emergence of the National Park image depicted in these books make them required reading for anyone interested in the development of federally sponsored recreation areas. They provide real documentation for researchers and writers.

The famous wet-plate study of Nez Perce Chief Joseph is seen at the left on page 12 and Mr. Galusha in this article gives a graphic description of the historic impact of this picture. Next pictured is the dignified and embittered Chief Charlot of the Flatheads who finally bowed to pressure and moved his impoverished tribe from the Bitterroot Valley to the Jocko Reservation. At right is the Haynes' picture of Louis Sitting Bull, adopted son of the famous Sioux chief.



The present guide book is a meticulous work. The extraordinary attention to detail which has distinguished every phase of Haynes business is obvious in the *Guide*. Fact statements are checked and rechecked. Any tourist confused as to his location would have only to watch his speedometer and the guide book for it is calibrated in tenths of a mile. It must be conceded that much of the effort which goes into the preparation of the guide book goes unnoticed. Joe Joffe, administrative assistant to three or four generations of Superintendents of Yellowstone, assists Jack Haynes in the verification. One year after the arduous checking of the revision had been completed, Jack Haynes wearily summarized the sources they had just reviewed. When he had finished he queried Joe, "I wonder if anyone knows what we go through to make sure this guide book is exactly right?"

"No," was Joe's answer, and, perhaps embittered by a life-time spent serving the Park visitor, he added: "And nobody gives a damn, either."



Pictured here are the two sides of the American Fur Company medal, only eight of which were made by John Jacob Astor, found south of Dickinson, D. T. by Frank Jay Haynes in about 1880. As always the pioneer photographer recorded anything and everything which he deemed historically important.



significance. But behind the camera that took every photograph or the pen that recorded every note have been two men, Frank Jay Haynes and Jack Ellis Haynes, who with wit, devotion, and intelligence understood the meaning of what they saw.

* * *

This string of Y-W Coaches was photographed in 1914 by Frank Jay Haynes, who for 30 years was active in the transportation business in the Park. The year after this picture was taken, a record 20,151 tourists were carried by horsedrawn equipment through Yellowstone from Monida. Park transportation equipment was motorized in 1916, and Frank Jay Haynes retired from this field of activity.



A
Portfolio of
some of the
priceless
documentation of
Western history,
painstakingly
photographed

and saved
by the House
of Haynes,
appears on
the
pages
which follow

Jack Ellis Haynes, son of the founder of the House of Haynes is pictured at the right, busy with his camera in carrying on the tradition of documentary photography established by Frank Jay Haynes. Mrs. Jack Ellis Haynes is shown in the inset. Isabel M. Haynes is a working member of this remarkable family which has contributed so much to the dramatic recording of Montana's past.



The six-horse Overland Stage is pictured at old Calvin station in Jefferson County, M. T., loaded outside and inside with passengers and luggage. Frank Jay Haynes took this picture in December, 1887.





Cow Island Landing, M. T. (1880)

Frank Jay Haynes took this picture of the Missouri River camp and landing at historic Cow Island in 1880, when steamboat travel on the river was beginning to wane. Eight years later it was all over. But Cow Island, located below Fort Benton above Armell's Creek and the mouth of Cow Creek played an important role in the booming Missouri River steamboat era between 1860 and 1888. Low water, always a headache to riverboat captains, often forced the unloading of goods at this point. Soldiers were garrisoned here to guard supplies against marauding Indians, and two of them are seen in the lower right in this memorable picture.

Low water in the Missouri in 1880, the same year Haynes took this picture, forced the unloading at Cow Island of a shiny new fire engine for Fort Benton. In his able book *Whoop-Up Country*, Paul F. Sharp recounts the story of how the city fathers of Benton organized the "Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company" and ordered the new engine. He writes: "When the steamboat carrying the new machine reached the upper river, low water stopped it at Cow Island. There the engine lay exposed to the elements for many months. When it finally reached Benton, instead of welcoming a brightly painted and shiny fire engine, discouraged citizens found an engine on which the paint was badly peeled, the ladders cut in half, and one wheel missing."

Cow Island, so named because early traders are said to have found a solitary cow there, apparently stolen by Indians from early white settlers, was the scene of a lively fight between ten white men and a horde of Nez Perce on Sept. 23, 1877. Some of Chief Joseph's tribesmen came seeking food and supplies and ended up burning 50 tons of freight before they were beaten off.

Haynes captured the drama of the Big Muddy . . .

Fort Benton, now a quiet county seat town on the banks of the Missouri River, became the hub of a gigantic transportation network, following its earlier years as a fur-trading post, when Pierre Chouteau reached there with the steamers Chippewa and Key West on July 2, 1860.

Frank Jay Haynes stood on the bluff above the city in 1880 to take the picture shown here. The town was already beginning to wane from the days when it was known as the "Chicago of the Plains," its docks piled high with goods of all kinds and its dusty streets alive with a citizenry so motley that it was known as the most cosmopolitan city in the West.

In spite of the hazards of river freighting, which included everything from low water to Indian attack, solid fortunes were made in the diversification which followed. A typical year saw from 30 to 40 steamboats plying the river between Fort Benton and the mouth of the Yellowstone. Passengers from St. Louis could book cabin passage for an average of \$300 a head, and in 1867 a total of 960 people arrived in Fort Benton via steamboat. In that same year, 1,225 tons of ore and gold dust were taken downriver, along with \$350,305 worth of furs and skins.

Twenty-one boats arrived at Benton in 1837, the year Jim Hill and the Montana Central Railway completed lines to that point. The next year there were only three, and a colorful era came to an end.

Fort Benton, M. T. (1880)





Crook City, D. T. (1877)

This remarkable view of Crook City in Dakota Territory's Black Hills was taken by Frank Jay Haynes in 1877, the year after General George Crook came here with his command. The town, located in the foothills near Deadwood, is now called Pactola and is accessible by rail and a highway through the Black Hills.

In **Pioneer Years in the Black Hills**, Agnes Wright Spring has edited the journal of Richard B. Hughes, known as "practically the first newspaper reporter in the Black Hills." Hughes describes Crook City this way.

"Crook City, which was located on or about May 15, 1876, was peculiarly exposed, and during the summer and early fall of that year the settlers were kept constantly on the alert to guard against attack. Horse herds were stampeded and driven off, and several of the men in charge were killed. Though in a state of almost constant preparation against surprise, it was seldom that the whites succeeded in killing any of the marauders . . .

"Though thus harassed, and though Deadwood was attracting the great majority of the immigrants, Crook made a considerable growth during 1876 and 1877, was made a station on the Pierre stage line when established, and finally designated as the county seat of Lawrence county when organized. The dignity it did not long enjoy, as the people, when allowed to vote on the location, very promptly and emphatically decided in favor of Deadwood. The prospecting of lower Whitewood creek, on which Crook was located, disclosed the fact that the ground would not pay for working, and when the fact was established the fate of the camp was sealed. During its brief day of glory a newspaper was established, but it died with the town. Now few are left of those who knew Crook at its best, when hopes for its future were high, and when it possessed in miniature all the attributes of a town of the wild west."

Haynes saw some of the famed mining camps at the peak of their glory . . .

The main street of Pioneer City, M. T., as it was seen in 1883 and forever preserved by Frank Jay Haynes. Located near Philipsburg in the Deer Lodge Valley, this was the locale of the first commercial gold diggings in (then Idaho Territory) now Montana. The credit goes to Granville and James Stuart, who crossed Red Rock Divide in 1857 and moved into the Deer Lodge Valley in the spring.

On Gold Creek, then known as Benetsee Creek, they sank a shaft and found color. Granville later wrote: "This prospect hole dug by us was the first prospecting done in what is now Montana and this is the account of the first real discovery of gold within the state."

The Stuarts did not get adequate tools for working the diggings until 1862, and even when they did, yields of metal were low and miners left in large numbers for the new bonanza strike at Bannack.

After the diggings were largely abandoned by white miners, however, a horde of 800 Chinese came to Pioneer and for several years slaved at eking out a living from the tailings which were left. Note the Chinese grocery store in this Haynes picture.

There were only a few hundred people in Pioneer City when this picture was taken, the town having hit its peak in 1866 or 1867 when from 800 to 1,000 people lived there. Francis "Slim" Slaughtner, who was born in the town, still lives in one of the cabins. Three old stone buildings, a store, a saloon, and a post office, have stood since the 1860's.

Pioneer City, M. T. (1883)



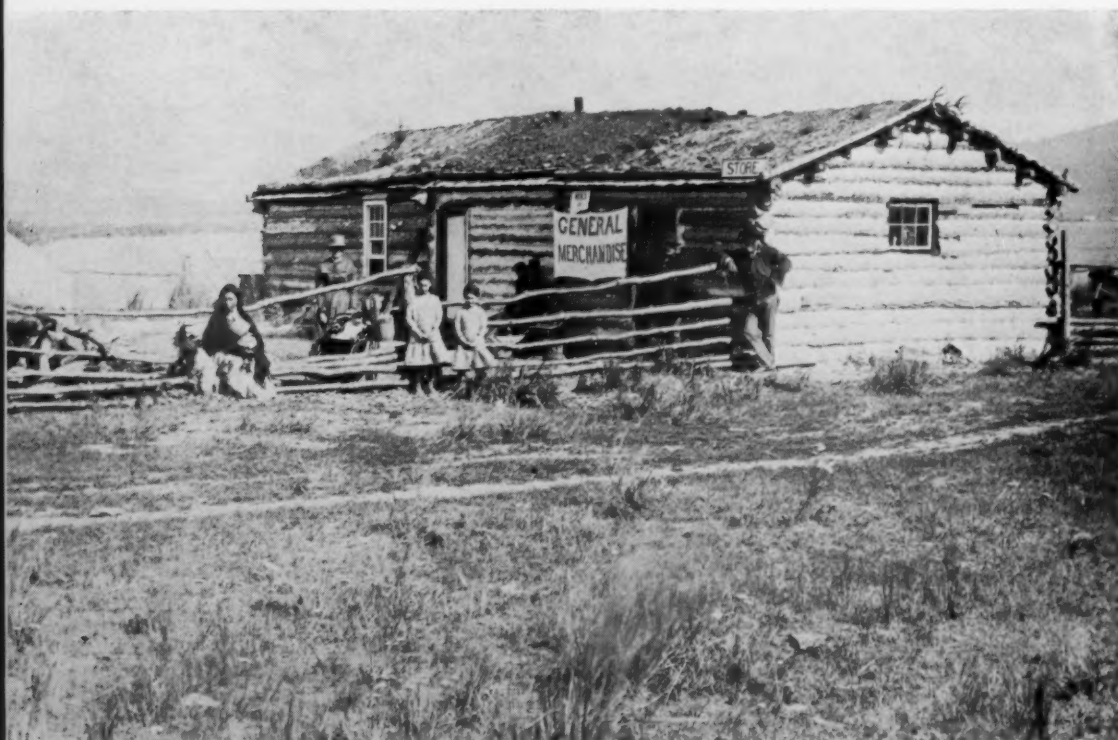
And he watched the frontier disappear as the railroads brought a tide of emigrants, homesteaders and industry to the burgeoning West . . .

This picture of H. A. Lambert's general merchandise store on the Flathead (Jocko) Indian reservation was taken by Frank Jay Haynes in 1884. This was taken seven years before Chief Charlot of the Flatheads finally bowed to official pressure and moved his family and remaining tribe to the second reservation from his beloved ancestral home in the Bitterroot valley, guaranteed "forever" by the Treaty of 1855.

Pressure began to be applied early to move the Flatheads out of the then more desirable lands of the Bitterroot. They refused to obey an executive order signed by President Grant in 1871, but in 1872 Congress passed an act providing for further negotiations and sent future President James A. Garfield out to the Bitterroot to activate the policy. Garfield persuaded two lesser chiefs, Arlee and Adolph, to consent to the move and somehow the name of Chief Charlot was forged to the agreement.

Thus some years before this picture was taken, some of the Flatheads began moving to Jocko, hopeful that the government would provide housing, schools and industry for them. The embittered Charlot steadfastly refused to move from the Bitterroot until the deteriorating condition of his people persuaded him to make the sad march in 1891.

Jocko Indian Reservation (1884)





Northern Pacific locomotive number 102 and caboose, the first train at Rimini Crossing across Continental Divide, M. T., was taken by Frank Jay Haynes on November 30, 1886.

This fine panoramic view of the now dead town of Wickes, with the mill and smelting works in the background was photographed by Frank Jay Haynes in December, 1885, when it was an important camp.





The Forgotten Haycutters at Fort C. F. Smith

by E. M. Richardson

The little publicized story of one of the great defensive stands recorded in the Indian Wars, wherein 19 soldiers and haycutters stood off at least a thousand angry Indians one hot August day in 1867

TRAVELLING north on U.S. Highway 87 a mile or so south of the little village of Lodge Grass, a very observant tourist might notice a Montana Historical marker. If he stopped to read he would learn that the site of old Fort C. F. Smith might be found about 25 miles west of the marker on the east bank of the Big Horn River.¹

His natural reaction could be: "So what?" For who in the world ever heard of Fort C. F. Smith?

Then, a glance at a Montana State Highway System map would show him a tiny red dot over along the Big Horn, a dot labelled "Old Fort Smith." Not "Fort C. F. Smith" mind you, as it was officially named back in 1866; not "Charles" or "Charley" or "Charles Ferguson" Smith. Just plain, anonymous "Smith"!

And yet, this General Charles Ferguson Smith was quite a man: a Mexican War and a Civil War officer; a hero at the Battles of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson; a fierce old fighter and leader of

Ernest M. Richardson, retired investment banker, uses his home in the lovely Pacific Palisades section of Los Angeles as a base from which to pursue interesting historical facts. The accompanying article is one result of his interest in post-Civil War western history and his undeniable skill at putting his hobby into words.

The author says his interest in Western Americana probably stems from three sources: (1) His birthplace, Wichita, Kansas; the time, only a dozen years or so after Wichita's end as a rip-snorting cowtown and one of the important railroad shipping points for Texas Trail drives. (2) Early experiences as a railroader in the high plains country of Wyoming toward the end of the open-range era. (3) Marriage to a Wyoming girl, daughter of a Wyoming sheriff whose father was killed in the last armed clash in Wyoming between whites and Indians just a few miles east of the old Bozeman Road.

"As a hobby," Mr. Richardson says, "I find the role of amateur historian interesting and rewarding—much better than sitting around listening to my arteries harden!"

fighters; one-time commandant at West Point and teacher of no less a cadet than Ulysses S. Grant. And it was General Grant himself who had ordered the naming of this Montana frontier outpost honoring the memory of his old and highly respected military teacher.²

Bruce Catton, in his book, *"This Hallowed Ground,"* credits General Smith with the idea behind Grant's famous message to Confederate General Buckner setting forth the renowned "immediate and unconditional surrender" terms and the curt information: "I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Now this meager memorial in honor of a great old soldier is only a blurred and forgotten memory of the past. It's a safe bet that not one in a thousand of today's Montanans could tell you when or why Fort C. F. Smith was built, or anything at all about the man in whose honor it was named. It's even a safer bet that not one in ten thousand have ever heard the name of Captain Al Colvin.

These striking examples of historical anonymity are further emphasized by contrast when one drives on north, following Highway 87 for another twenty miles, and approaches the well-marked, beautifully manicured grounds of the Custer Battlefield.

There one sees the famous monument-
ed ridge above the twisting coils of the

Little Big Horn where Custer and his followers were trapped, surrounded, and exterminated, on June 25th, 1876; a disaster that would touch off the greatest explosion of printed words of controversy ever to be erupted about any single event in the history of white man's conquest of the frontier.³

Just nine years before Custer's death, and some thirty miles southwest of where he fell, there occurred another sanguinary engagement between whites and Indians. It lasted longer than Custer's ill-fated battle — eight long, hot, desperate hours, to be exact—and it turned out much better for the white men. Only two soldiers and one civilian were killed in this skirmish, known as the Hayfield Fight. It took place August 1st, 1867 at a spot about 2½ miles north of Fort C. F. Smith, between the east bank of the Big Horn River and a twisting little willow-lined stream called Warrior Creek.

There, nineteen white soldiers and civilian haycutters lay in the blazing August heat from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, standing off a thousand or more angry Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho warriors. The whites dealt out so much



¹ This is one of nearly a hundred provocative historical highway markers placed throughout Montana. Written by Robert Fletcher, a member of our editorial advisory board, they have attracted nationwide attention to the abundantly rich historical heritage of the Treasure State.

² General Charles Ferguson Smith was born at Philadelphia April 24, 1807 and entered West Point in 1820. Graduating in 1825, he returned to the Academy in 1829 as an instructor and remained for 13 years. He served with General Zach Taylor's army in the Mexican War (1845) and was brevetted a major for gallantry. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, commanding the District of Western Kentucky. A former student, Ulysses S. Grant, later placed him in command of his Second Division in operations against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, Tenn. As a major-general in command of the Tennessee River expedition (1862) he suffered the injury which caused his death.

³ Historian Edgar I. Stewart, in our Summer 1958 issue, puts it this way: "The entire subject of the Battle of the Little Big Horn has become so overlaid with myth and legend, so encrusted as it were with historical barnacles, that it has become more a matter of folk-lore than of proper history. . . . When that great Indian camp moved in savage and majestic splendor up the valley of the Little Big Horn, leaving Custer and every member of his five companies dead on Battle Ridge, they left behind all unwittingly the matrix of a great American legend—perhaps it might even be called an epic—and conferred upon the leading white actor in the tragedy a reputation, perhaps unmerited, which shows no signs of diminishing with the passing years."



Major General Charles Ferguson Smith, the redoubtable Civil War officer and former mentor of General U. S. Grant, is shown in this National Archives photo. Fort C. F. Smith, the little log and adobe outpost located on the Bozeman Trail at its Big Horn River crossing, was named in his honor.

punishment to the redskins that the attackers finally gave up the fight and dragged their dead and wounded back to the Rosebud. This, despite being one of the great defensive stands in all the history of Indian warfare, is one of the least publicized.

And it might be added, parenthetically, that if President Andrew Jackson and the Indian Bureau in Washington had permitted the army to follow up its victories over the Indians on August 1st and 2nd at the Hayfield and Wagon Box⁴ fights, Custer and his men might never have been called upon to fight the hostiles at the Little Big Horn nine years later.

* * *

Exciting news about the gold strikes around Grasshopper Creek and Alder Gulch in Montana Territory in 1862 and 1863 had sent hordes of hopeful prospectors looking for short-cut trails to the new diggings. In the winter of 1862-63 John M. Bozeman blazed his famous route, branching off from the rutted emigrant roads along the North

Platte, slanting northwesterly through the Powder River country, skirting the eastern slopes of the rugged Big Horns. At the northern tip of the Big Horn Mountains it cut sharply to the left, then headed due west toward the Virginia City promised land. The use of this trail, later called the Bozeman Road, would save Montana bound travelers hundreds of miles and many weary weeks.

There was, however, one serious and almost imponderable obstacle. The road cut right through the heart of the best remaining hunting grounds of the great Sioux Nation, the wildest and fightingest of all the Warrior Indians on the High Plains.

White men, greedy for the gold in the Montana gulches, began trying to use Bozeman's short-cut. They were unceremoniously, and often bloodily, intercepted and turned back by the belligerent Oglala Sioux under the stalwart warrior Red Cloud,⁵ who had a blazing hatred for all white men and an undying resolve to keep them from crossing his lands.

The flame of Red Cloud's hatred for the white intruders was fed by other equally belligerent redskins. For example, the old Wakpekute renegade, Chief Inkpuduta, with his small band of Santee Sioux and his two cut-throat,

⁴The Wagon Box battle was fought near Fort Phil Kearny the day after the Hayfield fight. It has received considerably more notice, probably because General John E. Smith, commander at Fort Kearny, made a detailed official report of it. The incident involved some 32 men who fought for three hours, holding off hordes of Cheyennes until relieved by General Smith. In the book *Finn Burnett, Frontiersman* by Robert Beebe David, is this statement: "It is probably one of the most peculiar coincidences of all frontier history, and one whose results held far-reaching benefits for the white cause, that Chief Red Cloud proceeded with his force on the longer trail toward Fort Phil Kearny, and on August 2, on the day following the Hay Fields fight, ninety-one miles away, met a small wood-train in his path, stopped to wipe it out, and was there repulsed with such losses that he, too, returned to the Rosebud without attacking his main objective." (See this magazine, Vol. 6, No. 3, *White Man's Medicine Fight* by F. H. Sinclair for an article on the subject.)

⁵Red Cloud, unrelenting Ogalala chief, was born during the winter of 1821-22 somewhere between the Black Hills and the Missouri River. He was named after the lurid light of a meteorite which crossed the skies over Sioux country. This able chief made a memorable trip to Washington in 1870 to negotiate for his people. He refused to be outwitted by official Washington or to be impressed by the show of the great Eastern cities. He made an impassioned plea that his people be allowed to keep their homes along the Platte, and steadfastly maintained that Fort Fetterman should be moved off Indian territory. He finally made peace with the whites that October, accepting a large shipment of colorful clothing and baubles. Historian James C. Olsen, aided by a Montana Historical Society research fellowship, is now compiling what promises to be an epic book on Red Cloud.



These are the ruins of Fort C. F. Smith where the battle described here occurred. The site of the fort, built in 1866, is now barely visible. Considered one of the west's most impregnable military posts, Fort C. F. Smith was built of solid logs and adobe.

rapist sons, hands still dripping with the blood of massacred Iowa and Minnesota settlers, had skulked westward to escape capture by General Sully.⁶ They had joined up with Red Cloud and brought their own distorted version of the news of the Sioux executions in the Minnesota valley, and the exile of all Sioux Indians from that state.

Cheyenne warriors, too, had been forced in by the white man's pressure from the south. They came carrying in the war-pipes and bringing the ugly word about Colonel Chivington's senseless butchery of friendly Cheyennes at Sand Creek down in Colorado.⁷

Other redskins, all with grievances of one kind or another against the whites, had also poured in, until there were thousands of lodges of hostiles—Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapaho—encamped in the gentle valleys of the Powder, the Tongue, and the Little Big Horn, and the Rosebud Rivers.

⁶ Brigadier General Alfred Sully, who later became Indian Superintendent for Montana, was born in Philadelphia in 1821 and died at Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, in 1879. Graduated from West Point in 1841, he served in the Mexican and Civil Wars. He was an intelligent Indian fighter, often at odds with his superiors who failed to understand Indian tactics. In the diary of Judge Nicholas Hilger, printed in Vol. II, *Montana Historical Society Contributions*, General Sully is described as "an unpretentious man of medium size and (in 1864) rather past the vigorous days of the prime of manhood, yet his perceptions were remarkably clear, and he appeared to know intuitively, just where the Indians were and what they would do."

⁷ Colonel H. M. Chivington of the First Colorado Cavalry was a "frontier product of the best Indian-hating type," says George E. Hyde in *Red Cloud's Folk*. His senseless slaughter of Indians at Sand Creek in 1864 served to stir the hostiles into fresh activity, prolonging and intensifying the Indian Wars.

From these bases vengeful warriors ranged far and wide. They carried on sporting little forays against the Crows; raided travelers on the Bozeman Road and, for the most part, stopped all use of it by the whites. They sent murderous raiding and scalping parties south to the heavily travelled immigrant and freight roads along the Platte, and far south of the Platte, virtually ending all stage, mail, and emigrant movement. From these expeditions they rode back to the Powder River country loaded with loot and triumphantly decorated with many scalps.

Following the end of the Civil War in the spring of 1865, the U.S. government finally got around to listening to the frustrated emigrants, the stage operators, and the freight haulers, who had been yelling loudly but vainly for military protection. A commission was sent out to negotiate with the Indians, bringing with them the customary wagons, loaded with glittering presents. With these presents, and with equally glittering promises, the commissioners hoped to bribe a few of the tamer chiefs to touch the pen to a "treaty" which would concede the right of travel through Indian country. As in the case of most such treaties, the Indians who signed were not mad at anybody, and their signatures to the white man's paper didn't mean anything. They



signed because they were paid to sign; they were the ones who always stayed near the white men's forts anyway, and they liked the white man's food and presents. The fighters, like Red Cloud and his cohorts, did no signing. They and their painted warriors continued on the warpath; continued to raid, and scalp, and burn, and mutilate.⁸

In July, 1865, General Patrick Edward Connor⁹ was called upon to put an end to all this. Fresh from successes in subduing the hostile Bannocks, Snakes, and Shoshones along the stage and telegraph routes considerably west of the Bozeman Road, General Connor proceeded to organize an expedition against the hostiles in the Powder River country.

It was through no fault of this Irish general that he failed in his purpose. His frustration and recall were the result of the persistent political sniping

This monument is at the site of the Wagon Box fight, fought near Fort Kearny the day after the Hayfield battle described here. While the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians were being thwarted near Fort C. F. Smith, Red Cloud and Crazy Horse were moving in to attack a wood-cutting crew 91 miles away. The Indians again failed at the Wagon Box fight in which 26 soldiers and five civilians behind an oval corral of wagon boxes stood off the Indian hordes, dealing them so much punishment that it has been said Red Cloud never led hostiles against U. S. soldiers again. Photo by Mary E. Richardson.

in Washington by well-meaning, but ill-informed, "do-gooders" who were convinced that the wild Indians of the Plains could be made over into something other than savages in just a few weeks' time by a policy of sweetness and light. The Indians liked this. It convinced them that the white man was a fool and a coward, and that was what they wanted to believe.

After Connor and his troopers had been recalled, another peace parley was arranged. Early in 1866 President Andrew Jackson ordered a Commission sent out to Fort Laramie—this one under the leadership of a Special Commissioner of the U. S. Indian Bureau.

The Indian Bureau and the Army had long feuded over which of them should have control of Indian affairs on the frontier. That there was no co-operation and no co-ordination between the two is shown by the fact that even while the commissioners were enroute to Fort Laramie to carry out their mission, the army was sending a military expedition under Colonel Henry B. Carrington¹⁰ to build forts along the Bozeman Road for the protection of

⁸ Probably referred to here is the Treaty of 1865, the result of the unrealistic "peace policy movement." The treaty compiled a list of all hostile Sioux bands without the name of a single hostile chief. The signers thus falsely announced they had made peace, that the government could open roads and build posts in the Sioux country, while there were perhaps 4,000 Sioux lodges on the Little Missouri and Powder Rivers determined that no whites should enter their lands.

⁹ A native of County Kerry, Ireland, General Connor had an alternately successful and frustrating career in the West. Assuming command of the Military District of Utah at the start of the Civil War, he established Camp (later Fort) Douglas and incurred the wrath of the Mormons, with whom he carried on a feud of some intensity throughout his life. He made a successful foray against a band of Bannocks and Shoshones in January, 1863, and for this feat was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers. With Jim Bridger as guide, he set out on the Powder River Indian Expedition against hostile Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahos in July, 1865. He established Fort Connor (later Fort Reno) in southeastern Wyoming and in August successfully surprised a large village of Arapahos. However, the other two columns under his command became lost and suffered terrible privations, eventually disintegrating. On reaching Fort Connor he learned he was the scapegoat and was relieved of his command. He returned to Utah without making an official report, and he was mustered out of service in 1866. He later established the first daily newspaper in Utah, the *Union Vidette*, continuing his anti-Mormon sentiments.

travelers through Siouxland. In other words, the Army was starting to do the very things which the Commissioners were trying to get permission from the Indians to do.

Carrington did his building job well, despite the persistent opposition of Red Cloud, and despite the blundering inefficiency of his superiors and their failure to give him adequate manpower, munitions, or supplies.

He and his 700 men reached the Powder River crossing, 170 miles northwest of Fort Laramie, on June 28. There he relocated and rebuilt Fort Connor, established the previous year by General Connor, renamed it "Fort Reno." He then pushed on 67 miles north, selected the location for his second post named "Fort Phil Kearny."¹¹

The colonel then sent Lieutenant Colonel N. C. Kinney and Captain Thomas B. Burrowes with two companies of men, to build and garrison Fort C. F. Smith, 91 miles beyond Fort Phil Kearny, at the point where the Bozeman Road crossed the Big Horn River. The post was established August 3rd, 1866.

Fort C. F. Smith, like the gallant old general in whose honor it was named, seems to have lived and died behind a curtain of undeserved obscurity. In some ways this is understandable; perhaps, inevitable.

Its sister post, Phil Kearny, 91 miles to the south, was headquarters for the District Commander. As such it was the prime target for Red Cloud's venom. Most of the blood that was shed on the Bozeman Road was spilled in the immediate vicinity of hated Fort Phil Kearny.

¹⁰ Colonel Henry Beebe Carrington, lawyer by profession, was a close friend of Ohio Governor Salmon P. Chase. He was asked to organize the Ohio Militia at the start of the Civil War and was commissioned a colonel of the 18th U.S. Infantry. In command of the regular army camp near Columbus, Ohio, he also served as adjutant general of his state. After being mustered out of the volunteers he rejoined his regiment in the Army of the Cumberland and was ordered to the Indian service in Nebraska. In 1889 he negotiated a treaty with the Flathead Indians of Montana and two years later moved the Indians to the Jocko Reservation in Western Montana. He was a prolific writer. (See footnote 13.)

¹¹ Fort Phil Kearny was established in 1866 on Piney fork of Clear Fork of the Powder River, at the eastern base of the Bighorn Mountains. The site occupied a natural plateau 600 or 800 feet high with sloping sides. The stockade was of hewn pine, and the fort, one of the best-planned of any in the West, had accommodations for four infantry companies.

There, at Phil Kearny, the rash and impetuous Lieut.-Col. William J. Fetterman was lured into ambush and destroyed with his entire command; there were no survivors.¹² There, at Phil Kearny, lovely Margaret Carrington, the colonel's lady, kept a diary, and wrote vividly about the Fetterman disaster, and about life at the little post. There, Frances Carrington, the colonel's second wife, whose first husband was killed with Fetterman, also wrote of her experiences.

Colonel Carrington himself was also a gifted writer. After the Fetterman affair, as usual, there was an eager hunt for a scapegoat; and the colonel was tagged. He spent the next 20 years of his life clearing his record, and during that time he wrote many reports of the happenings at Fort Phil Kearny, some of which eventually got into the public press and public records.¹³

Thus, the happenings at and near Phil Kearny received wide-spread publicity; the affairs at the tiny log and adobe fort at the Big Horn crossing were completely blacked out by the exciting and highly publicized events at Fort Phil Kearny.

¹² Lieutenant-Colonel William Judd Fetterman entered the Army from Delaware in 1861 and was twice brevetted for gallantry in the Civil War. Continuing in the Army after the war, he was transferred to Fort Kearny in 1866, arriving in November. Genial and dashing, Fetterman was not familiar with frontier life or of Indian conditions and was fatally contemptuous of the hostiles. On the morning of Dec. 21, 1866, an Indian alarm was signaled, and although Fetterman was the senior officer, Col. Carrington ordered Capt. J. W. Powell to take command of 80 men to go and relieve a beleaguered wood train. Fetterman asserted his seniority and was given permission to command a party of 80 if he would promise not to go beyond Lodge Trail Ridge. He allowed the wily Red Cloud to entice him beyond this point, however, and he and his command were wiped out.

¹³ On file in the Historical Society of Montana library is a rare book, the sixth edition of *Ab-Sa-Ra-Ka, or Wyoming Opened* written by Mrs. Margaret Irvin Carrington, the Colonel's lady. Col. Carrington wrote the following preface to the book, composing it from retirement in March, 1890, at Hyde Park, Mass.:

"Wyoming, long recognized by the Interior Department as 'Absaraka', will soon be a State. Its original opening for settlement is correctly given in this volume, a full report of its mineral, agricultural, and other natural resources, made in 1866, and that of the massacre, three times called for by the United States Senate, finally appeared in 1887 in Senate Executive Document 33, Fiftieth Congress.

"The Report of the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre, now in Appendix II, was long suppressed. Neither Custer, Dodge, nor Dunn had the materials for a correct historical relation. The hasty report of Major-General Philip St. George Cooke, who was promptly removed from command by Lieutenant-General Sherman, is valueless, from its ignorance of his own orders and despatches. "The conference with the Ogallala Sioux in 1867, referred to by Custer, is given in full from the original notes in my possession.

"It is time that the fostered false impressions as to Indian operations, 1866-70, be corrected by authentic records."



Brevet Brig. Gen. L. P. Bradley was in command of Fort C. F. Smith when a haycutting crew near that Montana post engaged in the little publicized but gallant fight described in this article. Gen Bradley later commanded the District of the Black Hills with headquarters at Fort Robinson. National Archives photo.

As a matter of fact nothing much of great public interest did happen at Fort C. F. Smith for nearly a year after its establishment. The only real pressing problems that faced the garrison and its officers during that period were those having to do with defense and subsistence: food, fuel, fodder, guns, ammunition. But this was real enough since the wagon road from the supply point to Fort Laramie, 227 miles away, bristled with Indians.

Fort C. F. Smith was not a particularly inviting target for Red Cloud and his followers. The presence of the nearby friendly Crow Indians was somewhat of a deterrent to the hostiles, and it afforded the little garrison something of a feeling of immunity from direct attack. This was well, because at one time, during the fall, their ammunition supply was down to ten rounds per man!

Military activities were limited to guarding the few supply trains that came creaking up the trail from the south, guarding an occasional train of emigrants, and protecting wood-cutting and hay-cutting details.

Winter closed in quickly after the Fetterman disaster at Fort Phil Kearny on December 21st. After that, even the tiny trickle of supplies which had previously reached the post from the south, stopped altogether. Fort C. F. Smith and its harrassed little garrison was then completely shut off from the outside world by a ring of hostile Indian tribes, mounting drifts of snow, and terrible sub-zero temperatures. Those horses which were not stolen by Indians died of exposure or starvation. Food supply for the men got down to the barest subsistence level. How the little garrison of two hundred men survived that horrible winter of 1866-67 is a mystery of history.

Early in the spring of 1867 two half-breed scouts, the famous Mitch Bouyer¹⁴ and John Reshaw, reached the fort. They carried the word of the garrison's desperate plight on to Bozeman City, M. T., and told that the Sioux, preparing for their sun dance on Powder River, planned to start in force on the warpath in June. The two scouts led a relief expedition from Bozeman City to Fort C. F. Smith. On the way they talked with several small parties of Sioux hovering about the Big Horn trying to trade with the Crows for ammunition.

Late in the spring Brigadier General L. P. Bradley¹⁵ was sent to Fort C. F. Smith with reinforcements and supplies and ordered to take over the command. He brought with him a large number of breech loading rifles and an ample supply of .50 caliber ammunition. Historian Hubert Howe Bancroft tells us that after Bradley's arrival in June the garrison at the post consisted of 10 commissioned officers, 7 subalterns, and 347 enlisted men.

We are told, too, that the buildings at the post were of good solid log and adobe construction, enclosed by a stock-

¹⁴ Often spelled "Boyer".

¹⁵ Luther Prentice Bradley was born at New Haven, Conn., Dec. 8, 1822, and entered the Army as a lieutenant-colonel of the 51st Illinois Volunteers in October, 1861. He had a distinguished career in the West after the war, serving at Fort C. F. Smith at the time of the Hayfield Fight. He later commanded the District of the Black Hills with headquarters at Fort Robinson when Chief Crazy Horse was murdered there.

ade made of the same material, 125 yards square. It was located on a broad table-land on the east bank of the Big Horn River about four miles north of the deep, Grand Canyon-like gap known as the Big Horn Canyon. It was considered to be impregnable against Indian assault.

General Bradley knew all about the old and often used Indian "decoy and surround" tactics which they had worked so frequently and successfully against white troopers in the West. He also knew of the Indians' fear of the white-man's dreaded cannon, or "wagon-gun."

Bradley was a cautious man. He did not propose to let any appreciable number of his men be decoyed into an ambush, as Captain Fetterman had done near Fort Phil Kearny the previous December. Hence he sent out only small hay- and wood-cutting parties, never exposing any large percentage of his total force outside the post at any one time.

The haying operations were contracted, and the contractor selected a large grassy meadow about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the fort between the river and Warrior Creek. There the contractor's civilian workmen, guarded and assisted by a small detachment of Bradley's soldiers, erected a strong square corral 40 feet west of the bank of Warrior Creek, and set it up to serve as a makeshift fortification for the haycutters and soldiers.

The corral was 100 feet square. Two heavy posts were set upright together, planted several feet in the ground, at intervals of six feet all around the corral. Two thick logs were laid on the ground, one atop the other, between each pair of posts. Heavy poles were hung half-way up, with another on top of the upright posts. These horizontal poles were lashed to the posts with green willow branches. Between the posts and poles a tight network of willow boughs was woven with the leaves and small branches attached.



William J. Fetterman, the gallant but impetuous young officer who led a party of 80 men out of Fort Kearny on December 21, 1866 to complete massacre at the hands of the wily Red Cloud. National Archives photo.

There was no gate. Just one opening on the south side. At night a wagon-gear was placed across the opening, with its wheels securely chained to the posts so it could not easily be pushed aside during the night.

Wagon boxes were set in a line inside the corral along the west wall together with three army tents. A picket line, to which the mules were to be tethered, was stretched across the corral from north to south. A big barrel of vital drinking water was placed at one end.

Forty feet to the south of the corral the green willow thicket marked the squirming course of Warrior Creek twisting its way down the valley. At the southwest of the corral the willows came up close, and at that spot a tarpaulin was stretched to furnish a cover for the camp kitchen and a long, rough dining table.

Lieutenant Stromberg, commanding this little detail of nine soldiers, had three half-moon trenches dug, each about 30 feet long, at the northeast, northwest, and southeast corners. He spent one full day measuring the various distances to the probable points from which attacks might be expected to come.



This photo by Mary E. Richardson shows the parade ground of old Fort Laramie. This is the jumping off place, as it looks today, for expeditions against the Indians along the Bozeman Trail. All supplies and reinforcements had to come from Fort Laramie, about 227 miles from Fort C. F. Smith. All communication between the posts along the Bozeman Trail, and between them and Fort Laramie, was by courier. There was no telegraph line along the trail in 1866 and 1867.

Late in July, while these preparations were being made, the ten soldiers and nine civilian haycutters and teamsters noted that they were being watched by the Indians. When the hay-cutting began, the workers were never bothered until after the grass had been cut and was dried. Then, when it had been raked up and was ready to be loaded on the wagons, the Indians would swoop down from the surrounding hills and set fire to it, while the white men watched, frustrated and helpless, from behind their flimsy little fortress.

Friendly Crow Indians rode in to tell the lieutenant the ominous news of a big hostile build-up along the Rosebud to the east. They told of the big pow-wow between Red Cloud's Sioux and the Cheyenne and Arapaho warriors. Big plans were in the making. The hostile Indians had decided that now was the time to split their forces and move simultaneously against Fort C. F. Smith and Fort Phil Kearny, destroy them, and put an end to the hated forts along the Bozeman Road.

Although the Crows brought this warning on July 29th, their motives were questioned. The soldiers and the haycutters thought the Crows were trying to scare them away from this good hay supply, rather than save their lives.

On the morning of August 1st, a little before nine o'clock, a mounted picket

posted on a bench about 700 yards from the corral, fired his rifle and came galloping in, yelling that Indians were coming up the valley.

The Indians were indeed coming—a solid mass of them—yelling, screaming, arms waving, war bonnets flying in the morning breeze; faces and bodies hideously painted, feathers streaming from horses' manes and tails.

They were coming rapidly now, and there was no time to man the rifle pits outside the stockade. Men grabbed rifles and ammunition, dropped flat on their bellies behind their low log barricades.

Indians were charging between the half-moon trenches and the thin enclosure of the corral. Well supplied with their new breech loaders and shells, the defenders aimed carefully, squeezed triggers and reloaded quickly. There were few misses.

The steady stream of hot lead disposed of many an exuberant warrior, and the surprised attackers fell back to talk it over. Then they charged again.

Lieutenant Stromberg, a brave young officer with a West Pointer's typical attitude of contempt for Indians' fighting ability, yelled for the defenders to stand up like men and fight like soldiers. He set the unwise example. An Indian bullet almost immediately dropped him, and the soldiers were now leaderless.

Among the nine civilian workmen were two brothers, the Colvin boys from Missouri. Both had been captains during the Civil War: Zeke, in the Confederate Army under General Price; Al, in the Union Army under General Buell. It is interesting to note that the trails of Captain Al Colvin and fiercely mustachioed old General C. F. Smith had come very close together at Shiloh in the spring of 1862. It's unlikely that either man ever heard of the other, for at that time the general lay hospitalized with a badly infected leg wound, while Colvin was slogging toward the bloody Shiloh battleground with Buell's reinforcements.

After Stromberg's death, Al Colvin took over the vital leadership of the defenders at the Hayfield corral. He cautioned the men to control their fire, aim carefully, make every shot account for another Indian.

"It's not likely," he said, "that any of us will get out of here alive. But let's make this a day that those Indians won't forget as long as there's a Sioux alive on earth!"

Brother Zeke seconded this with a Rebel Yell, and Al grinned.

The two brothers, trained in marksmanship since their youthful squirrel hunting days in the Missouri hills, were busy. Al had his own Henry repeating rifle with plenty of ammunition, and he carefully dropped every Indian on whom he drew bead. Zeke was effective with his Enfield musket which he had taken from a dead Yankee on the battlefield at Wilson Creek. This was a refutation of the correct frontier viewpoint that soldiers were notoriously bad marksmen.

The Indians, seeing the white officer fall, fully expected panic among the leaderless defenders. They lunged in for the kill, only to be met with volley after volley from the blazing rifles of Colvin and his men. Time after time they were blasted back from the corral when it seemed as though they were about to crash through for a hand-to-hand struggle. Then they would fall back out of rifle range and go into another huddle, giving the defenders time to let their guns cool off.



It is likely that these Cheyenne chiefs (left to right) Dull Knife, Big Head and Fat Bear, led the attackers at the Hayfield. Fight recounted in this article. Photo from Denver Public Library, Western Collection.



Fort Fetterman, Wyoming Territory, as sketched in 1870 by W. H. Jackson. U. S. Geological Survey photo.

The blazing August sun blistered the backs of the white men. The dust, kicked up by the frightened mules on the picket line, choked their mouths and nostrils. The men, stationed at the strategic defensive spots all around the corral, had to stay flattened out on their stomachs behind their log breast-works. It was obviously just plain suicide to raise a head above the logs as Lt. Stromberg had demonstrated.

The Indians continued to circle the corral and pour in a deadly fire of bullets and arrows from the high banks, from behind boulders and trees and bushes. They had now settled down to the grim task of wiping out this knot of stubborn white men—far more stubborn than anticipated.

By now, another soldier and a teamster named Hollister had been killed. A sergeant was badly wounded. Every mule, save one, had been killed. Al Colvin was a favorite target, but he kept firing, calmly, carefully, and with deadly precision.

The Indians' attack slowed down a little after noon when they took time out to eat. This gave Colvin and his men a chance to hurriedly refill the empty water barrel, pass around additional ammunition and take on some grub. It also let them repair some of the clogged guns and dig holes behind the logs so their bodies would be better protected.

An Indian chief rode down near the creek on a sorrel pony, shaded his eyes and peered into the corral. One of the defenders aimed carefully, squeezed the trigger, and grinned contentedly as he

watched the befeathered chieftain tumble face down into Warrior Creek and lay there, strangling in the shallow water.

Another bonneted Indian, a gaudily decorated medicine man with double tails reaching nearly to the ground on each side of his pony, led a charge from the west side. Around and around they rode, firing from flattened positions atop their mounts. Duncan, a haycutter, picked off the leader. His followers scurried away.

The Big Chief himself now came, leading a party from the south side. Al Colvin had anticipated the direction and his men were concentrated on that side. Hundreds of painted warriors came plunging down the incline toward the creek. Colvin yelled to his men.

"Let me have the first one that comes into the water. You can have the rest," he called.

The chief came first. Al gave the command and fired. The big chief tumbled into the dust on the near side of the creek. His followers, those who had survived the deadly volleys from the corral, tried desperately to recover their chief's body. They were not successful.

The big attack had failed. Back on the high bench where the Indians had carried their wounded and dead, the squaws were howling the death chants while they bandaged the wounded and got ready for the long trek back to the Rosebud. Only a few snipers remained near the corral to hold back any movement of the defenders toward the retreating Indians.



Al Colvin then sent a messenger to the fort, mounting him on the one remaining unwounded animal. Finn Burnett, one of the haycutters, tells us in his memoirs that Colvin wrote in his message that he had dead and wounded in the corral and needed help; that all the Indians except a few snipers had gone; that if General Bradley was a man he'd send relief, but if he wasn't, he could go to hell where he ought to be.

Earlier in the day Captain Hartz, out with a wood train, had heard the firing. Through his field glasses he had seen some and pretty well guessed at what was going on at the hayfield. He had rushed to the fort and asked permission to take three or four of the seven companies there to rescue the hayfield crew. Finn Burnett tells us that General Bradley simply hustled the eager Capt. Hartz and his men inside the stockade, closed and locked the gate. Bradley, a cautious officer, didn't propose to let half his force be sucked in by the ancient "decoy and surround" maneuver. So he sat there and let the haycutters and besieged troops sweat it out without help, from nine o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon.

After Colvin's messenger got through, Bradley finally sent out a detachment to bring in the battle-scarred haycutters and the bodies of the dead. But he sent a timid major to lead the two companies.

At the first sniper shot, the major ordered his men back to the fort. Fortunately the officer in charge of the

second company was less timid. He told his major to get his men out of the way; that he and his men were going to the hayfield. The cautious major changed his mind and the relief party went forward.

Finn Burnett claims that General Bradley made no official report of the Hayfield Fight, and that's why it has received so little attention in the annals of frontier fighting.

Perhaps General Bradley was right in refusing to send out half his garrison to rescue the nineteen hard-pressed men at the hayfield corral. He might have endangered the whole garrison if he had done otherwise.

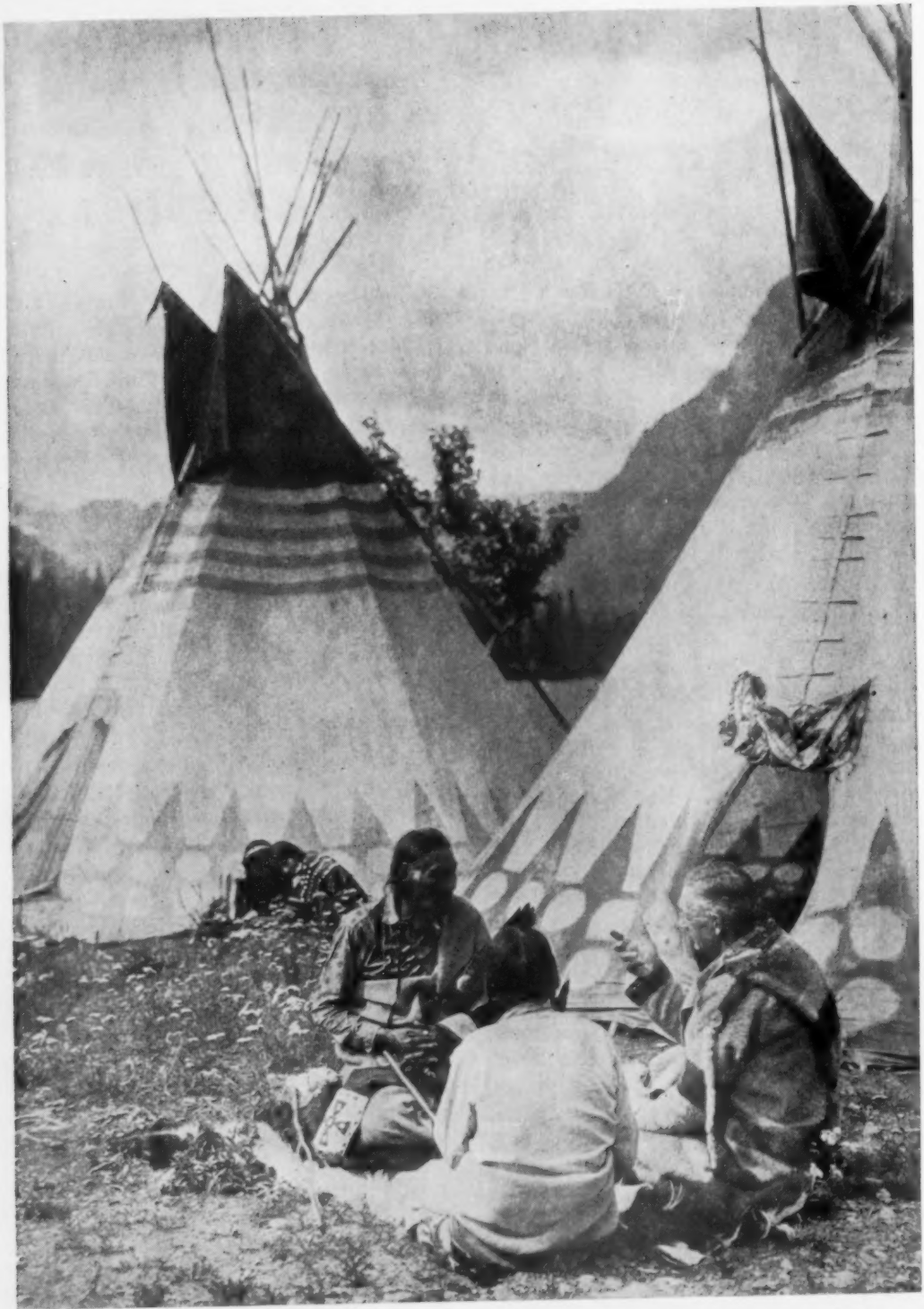
But sometimes I like to speculate on what might have been the attitude of the old general in whose honor the fort had been named, if he had been in command there on August 1, 1867.

One can almost hear General Charles F. Smith barking the orders, and the bugler's call to "Boots and Saddles." Then, the clatter and rumble of steel shod cavalry horses pounding down the trail. At the head of the galloping column one can see the gallant figure of the old man himself, spurring his mount, body forward in the saddle, fierce white mustachios streaming back over the general's stars on his shoulders.

And how Al Colvin and his sweaty crew would have loved that old man!

Perhaps even brother Zeke, the unreconstructed ex-rebel captain, might have learned to admire the old fellow.

SEE IT NOW, Historic Montana:



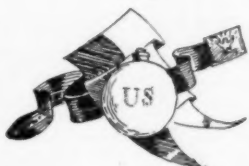
A Present Day Tourist Paradise



A THUMBNAIL guide to some of the most exciting old west relics extant. All are available to the diligent traveler this summer within the confines of the Treasure State. The essence of each is disclosed here, principally by documentary pictures and brief text.

WITHOUT ANY particular pattern or plan, our staff has informally assembled some nuggets from Montana's fabulously rich Old West heritage. This is only surface placering. A full lifetime could be spent digging into the incredible depths of significant history that exists here.

If you are deprived of a Montana vacation and are limited to vicarious viewing of these pages, we hope this experience also proves rewarding.



A few words of caution must be added herewith: Because this is written lightly and informally, it is anything but definitive and all inclusive.

GLACIER PARK gets rather sizable play here because it is Montana's leading tourist attraction. But when it comes to historical impact, any hundred square feet of the now-sedate river town of Fort Benton nurtured more history than all of the breathtakingly beautiful vastness of scenic Glacier.

ANOTHER POINT: We generalize on such categories as ghost towns, Indian tribes and our Eastern Montana rangelands, whereas we are specific on the Custer Battlefield, Fort Benton, and other places and events. Yellowstone Park and Virginia City are treated fully in separate articles in this issue. Obviously we are not consistent. But this is the provocative way of making the subject less ponderous and more as the bird's eye would glimpse it.

HERE in the following pages we present a little bit of the drama, scope and impact of the Old West, presented as a primer for today's visitors. We hope that this year you will dig deeper into the bedrock of this state's history.





The Ghosts Of Once Rip-Roaring Mining Camps . . .

BANNACK, first Territorial capitol and scene of the first profitable gold discovery on Grasshopper Creek in 1862, is shown on this page as it looked in years gone by. Located 21 miles west of Dillon off U. S. Highway 91, Bannack is now an official State Monument. Partial restoration is underway, and markers have been placed at points of particular interest.

IN JULY, 1862, Montana's first real [gold] strike took place on Grasshopper Creek, a tributary to the Beaverhead River. Bannack was born. By late fall there was no doubt of the richness of the mines. A train was dispatched to Salt Lake City for provisions, and a town was laid out. At first, as was usually the case, it was wickiups and tents. Then came log structures, and a little later still, when a sawmill became operative at Virginia City, some miles away, the clapboard building took over. By mid-winter, 1863, there were perhaps five hundred persons in Bannack. By spring there were nearly one thousand. Now, with typical pretentiousness, the community became "Bannack City." It was a crude, rough, and somewhat dangerous place in which to live. It attracted not only miners but an assortment of peculiarly evil men. While the road agent plague of these years has been somewhat overdone . . . It was nonetheless severe. It is understandable that this element should have been attracted to the camp, because during the first year of operations it is estimated that nearly five million dollars' worth of gold was taken from the gulch.

After Grasshopper Creek, discovery followed on the heels of discovery. When the richest bars had been located at Bannack, the latecomers fanned out into surrounding gulches. Alder Gulch, or Virginia City, was next. This discovery in the



Romantic Relics Of Others, Outliving A Lurid Past . . .

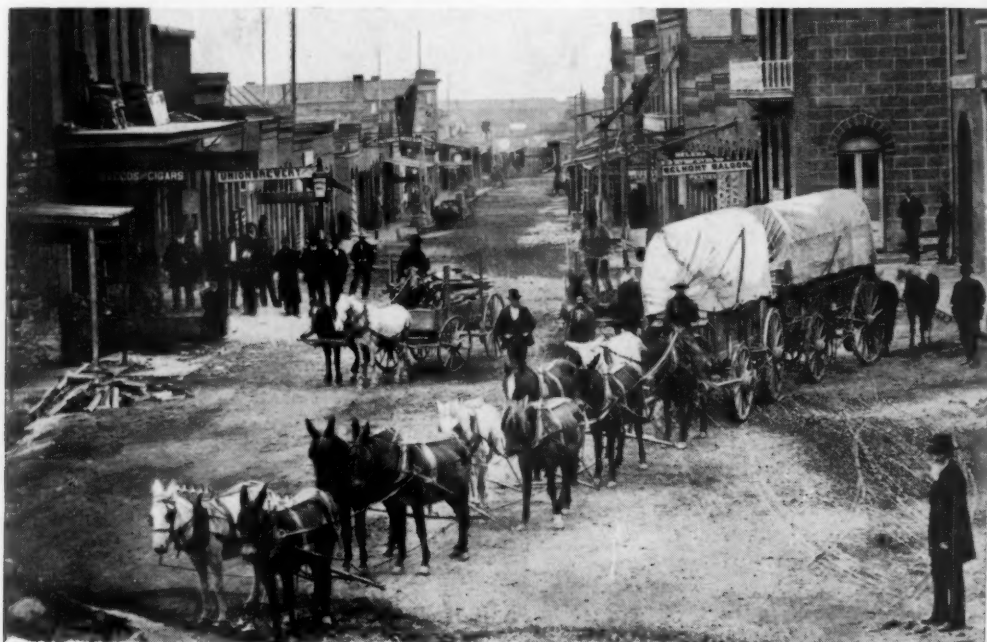
HELENA, which outlived its gold rush fever to become Montana's capitol, is shown on this page when its main street was teemed with freight wagons. Four discouraged miners made one last try here in 1864 and their rich placer gold discovery gave rise to the sobriquet "Last Chance Gulch" which persists to this day.



Ruby Valley in May, 1863, caused at least a momentary exodus from Grasshopper Creek, and settlements sprouted like rampant weeds along the course of Alder Gulch. Virginia City, Nevada City, Circle City, and Central City housed some six thousand people by late 1863.

Here again, the rootless men were quickly poised and attuned to the rumors which were constantly boiling in the bars and hostels. That winter there were stories of a new strike on the Kootenai River, and spring saw the exodus from Virginia City. Four such men, John Cowan, D. J. Miller, Reginald Stanley, and John Crab (subsequently to be known erroneously as the Four Georgians), got as far west as Hell Gate on the Clark Fork of the Columbia when they met discouraged miners returning from the Kootenai country. Discouraged themselves, they turned back, prospected on the Little Blackfoot River, and then decided to try the Marias. En route they stopped and tried their luck on a stream which came to be known as Prickly Pear Creek. They found colors but moved on, probably as far as the Marias.

They had no luck in the Marias area, and "Last Chance Gulch" (as they now called it), in the Prickly Pear Valley, stuck in their minds. They decided to have one more try at it before they left the country. They retraced their route, and on July 14, 1864, they found enough colors to warrant a trip by Cowan to Alder Gulch to purchase supplies and equipment.





The secret, if, indeed, there was any real attempt to keep one, was quickly out. On his return Cowan was accompanied or at least was followed closely, by the usual horde of men. The rush to Last Chance Gulch was on, and Helena was born . . .

In December, 1864, the pattern was repeated again across the Prickly Pear Valley, and Confederate Gulch (note the Southern influence) and Diamond City came into existence. They varied little in character from the other camps.

On the eastern slope of the Rockies gold was found in Emigrant Gulch in the Yellowstone Valley. Yellowstone City was the hub of this area. Butte, which became a silver camp in 1875 and a copper camp in 1882, was initially [late 1860's] a gold camp. There were, of course, a large number of abortive rushes and short-lived communities whose brief and sometimes bizarre existence was the stuff of hope and not of substance. But Elk Creek, Bear, Lincoln, and Highland gulches, in what became Deer Lodge County, took hold. It would serve little purpose to chronicle the discovery and early development

of each camp. They were remarkably similar . . . Suffice to say that by the early seventies there were some five hundred gold-bearing gulches in Montana.

The population in the mining camps were heterogeneous. It was representative of every part of the United States and almost every part of the globe. Southwesterners were very predominant after 1864. The Fisk expeditions of the early sixties contributed Minnesotans. Californians . . . were in evidence very early. There was a curious mixture of eastern "tenderfeet" and western "yonsiders."

Quite naturally, men predominated at first. Early in the winter of 1862-63, out of a total approximate population of 670 in the territory, 59 were "respectable" females. But after 1865 women came in appreciable numbers, and the dearth of women in the mining camps has been considerably exaggerated . . .

As for recreation, the miner was attracted to horse racing and boxing—both on an impromptu basis. Saloons were much in evidence, and heavy drinking, especially during the long winter



months, was at most a venial transgression. Gambling was wide-open. Three-card monte, strap game, thimblrig game, patent safe game, black and red, any dice game, and two-card box at faro were all regarded as "legally unfair" in Montana, but a great variety of other games of chance existed.

What is often overlooked, however, is that the steady part of the population—those who were doing most of the real building—gathered neither in saloons nor gambling houses. They gathered at church functions, or, more frequently, at "the store," such as George Chrisman's at Bannack or Pfouts' at Virginia City. Also, there were fraternal organizations; the Masonic Order was almost coeval with the founding of Virginia City. And there were social clubs, dances, and special events.

Virginia City was perhaps typical. Seen from the top of "Boot Hill," a primitive cemetery most of whose occupants were road agents, the community sprawled down Alder Gulch without design or plan. Paint was a rare commodity, and almost as soon as they were built the buildings had a look of decay. Within three months Alder Gulch probably had a boom population of nearly ten thousand people. It was, undeniably, a tough community.—K. Ross Toole in *Montana: An Uncommon Land*.

CHICO-EMIGRANT GULCH, opposite page, was the scene of a placer gold discovery by Thomas Curry in 1832. This beautiful spot about 30 miles south of Livingston on Highway 89 is now a resort area (Chico Hot Springs) and gives the tourist a feeling of history when he is told that the earliest trappers (including Jim Bridger) bathed in crude vats built around the hot springs.

The tourist heading west out of Melrose on Highway 91 can go by the old townsite of GLENDALE without realizing he is passing what was once the heart of a vigorous mining community. The Glendale silver smelter, pictured above, was active between 1877 and 1892. It is now in ruins, but interesting to see.

Below is BUTTE, the most fabulous mining camp of them all. Rich but shallow placer discoveries were made on Silver Bow Creek in 1864, but by 1867 the claims were almost worked out and it seemed Butte was headed for the same anonymity as other gold camps. But then came copper. Conducted tours here are a must for the adventuresome sightseer.





Technology and machinery replaced men and mules . . .

THE MINING picture in Montana today is one of bewildering industrial complexity—but not romance. The polyglot miners of the early gold camps who feverishly brought forth \$90,800,000 in pure placer gold from the Territory's streams and gulches between 1862 and 1876 could hardly dream that Montana's mineral wealth would total almost \$200,000,000 in 1957 alone. This would not be due to gold but to the petroleum industry, plus the production and refinement of lower grade ores in copper, zinc, manganese, tungsten, and chromium.

Thus the miner of the exciting '60's with his gold pan, gun and hurdy-gurdy night life has given way to technological advances far beyond his ken. The Treasure State today yields up greater wealth, but demands ever more in capital, diversification and technology—and little of it is as exciting as the saloon-brawling days of old.

On these pages are some of the fabulous early mining camps as they looked in years past. Some, like Elkhorn and Marysville, are remarkably preserved. Many of them are numbered among the 90-odd ghost towns whose decaying ruins, so infinitesimal that they are

sometimes difficult to find, continue to intrigue visitors. Add to this 500 gulches where colors may still be panned.

At least these are authentic relics of a colorful era. And their truth is much stranger than the fiction of bad TV, cheap paperbacks, and Hollywood's ho-hum film footage.

The best available information on how to get to the old camps and gold gulches is contained in *Montana, A State Guide Book* (Hastings House). Once one reaches a point of reference, local inquiry should certainly be made, since many of the trails are vague and changing.

But to fully understand Montana and the West at least two trips become requisite—a visit to a ghost, to a once thriving, exciting camp now dead; and the present day counterpart of mining as best experienced in the mechanical complex that is the heart of the Anaconda operations on the "richest hill on earth," at Butte. There are other active mines well worth seeing, but Butte is the epitome. Since it is part of the public relations plan of the Anaconda Co., a visitor is given preferred treatment. Therefore the pattern is ideal.

CONFEDERATE GULCH, opposite page, is shown at the height of feverish placer activity during which one 7-day haul was a staggering \$114,800. Located 30 miles east of Helena, this fabulous gulch reveals in its name the potent Southern sympathy forces at work in the Territory.



Mining has been so basic to life in the Rocky Mountain West since the end of the fur trade, it is so inextricably woven into the warp and woof of history, that it must be understood without the whole of the region's heritage being thrown out of focus.

The stage station at early MONTANA CITY is shown above. Weed-covered tailings are about all that remains of this placer mining town which once had at least 3,000 people and was mentioned as a possible capitol of the Territory. It is located about 10 miles west of Helena.



The smelter at WICKES, located on a dirt road some 18 miles west of Helena, is pictured below. It was the first lead-silver smelter in Montana and served the rich gold and silver mines of Wickes and Corbin, located two miles apart. Near these two camps, still regarded as potential sources of silver, lead, zinc and gold, were such mines as the Alta with a reported production record of \$32,000,000 and the Gregory, with \$9,000,000. The Wickes smelter was dismantled in the early 1890's.

There's still romance on the rangelands in the great Cattle-Cowboy State . . .

THE STORY of cattle raising in Montana is an early one—so early, in fact, that it pre-dates that of almost all Northern Rocky Mountain or Great Plains territory north of Texas. This odd twist of history resulted from the flood of emigrants across the Oregon Trail, south of here, and the coincidental end of the fur trade. In the 1840's and 1850's many Mountain Men turned from beaver to beef as a means of livelihood. They traded sound critters for foot-sore ones with the '49'ers and Oregon Trail emigrants, then speedily nurtured them back to health in the fertile, gentle-winter valleys of the Beaverhead, Little Blackfoot and Clark's Fork.

More than a decade later, when hordes of hungry miners suddenly avalanched on the great 1860 gold strikes at Bannack, Virginia City, Last Chance

Gulch and other roaring camps, they found a built-in supply of beef—for a while. When the native herds diminished through the appetites of hungry miners, rugged Montana cowmen and cowboys turned to California and Oregon, trailing in not only beef on the hoof but breeding stock as well, to develop a promising industry.

In 1866 Nelson Story took his raw Alder Gulch placer gold to Texas and traded it for half-wild four-legged long-horned machines that converted grass into gold. But he was a pioneer trail driver among pioneers. Until another decade of savage, tragic Indian Wars finally broke the grip of the natives, few men dared trail the super-abundant Texas herds north of the Platte. When the long trail was finally cleared, millions of longhorns came to crop the nu-





The fine L. A. Huffman photo above shows a typical roundup crew on the move. The panoramic picture, left below, shows a large herd of beef, owned by the Biering-Cunningham ranch, feeding near the Madison River in south central Montana. Hungry cowboys are gathered around the familiar chuckwagon in the picture below.

trititious Montana grasslands. The herds, men and their ungainly critters wrote epic tales of heroism, hardship and enterprise that are forever enshrined in Montana's heritage.

Finally the free range was no longer quite so free. Sheepmen and homesteaders took a competitive stand for large segments of the land and its precious water. Montana was on the verge of becoming the greatest of all sheep raising states. Then nature did what man had not yet faced up to—the hard winter of 1886-87 ended, with almost one fell stroke, the glorious days of the great open range.

Much of this State's romantic livestock history still shows through the thin veneer of 20th century civilization. Most overlooked of all Montana's tourist attractions are her ranches and rangeland activities—many of which

have changed only superficially since the last century. Cattle, sheep and some horse ranches dot every corner of the Treasure State. We suggest you turn off at a pleasant site along the noisy, high speed highways and drive along a quiet country lane for a ways. Turn in at a likely-looking ranch gate and introduce yourself. You'll almost certainly find warm hospitality and something of interest going on.

If you have more time, search out a Montana dude ranch and actually participate in a cowboy's life. And wherever you are, make local inquiry about the nearest rodeo. These hell-for-leather performances are almost continuous throughout the summer months—there's always bronco bustin', ropin' and bull-doggin' going on somewhere in Montana—and these events have the charm of spontaneity and color which the bigger, more carefully staged rodeos often lack.





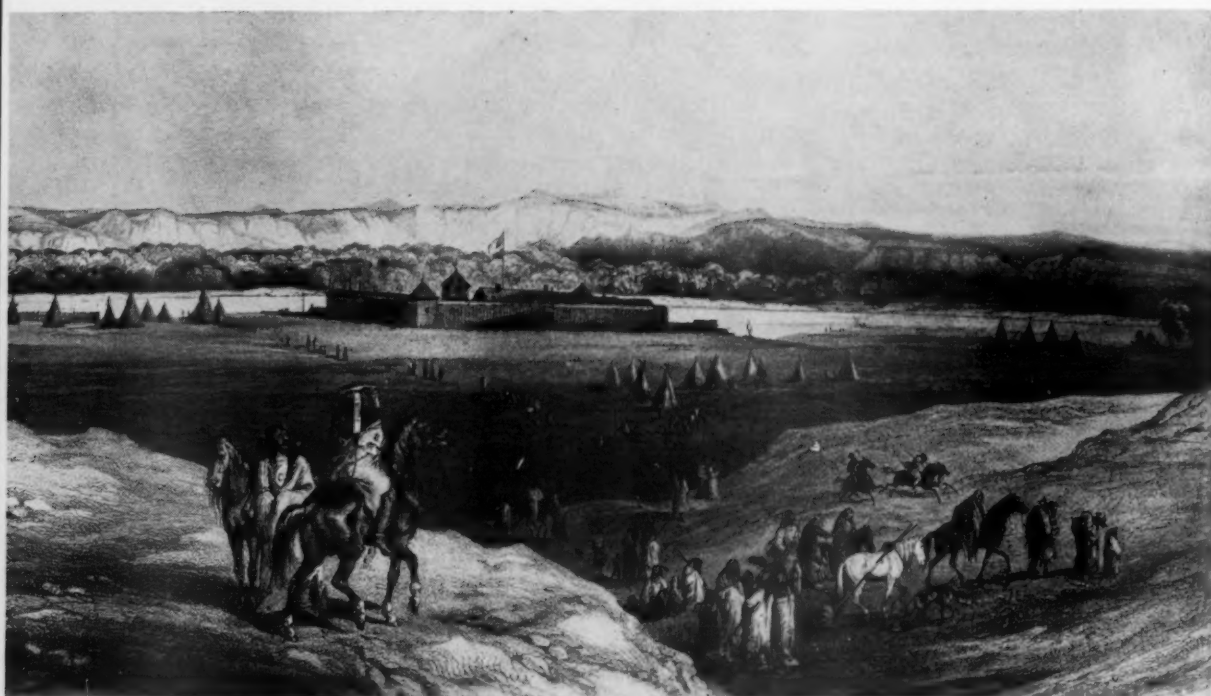
Pictured above is a portion of murals painted for the Plains Indian Museum at Browning by the talented Blackfeet artist, Victor Pepion. A visit to the Browning museum, located in the shadow of Glacier Park, is a treat for tourists.



Although not a Montana Indian, the fierce Sioux chief, Red Cloud (left) made an indelible mark on Montana's history during the Indian Wars. This skillful warrior had a burning hatred of white men and resolved to keep gold-seekers from using the shorter Bozeman Trail which crossed his lands.

The friendly Flatheads are shown dancing near Polson, Montana, in the picture at the right, taken in 1953 by Ella E. Clark. Unlike the hostile Blackfeet, this tribe was peaceful and helpful when they were encountered by Lewis and Clark. They furnished horses to the explorers and guided them westward.

Fort Union, the American Fur Company's post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, was painted (below) by Swiss artist, Karl Bodmer who explored the Western frontier in the early 1800's with Prince Maximilian. This view of the Assiniboinne breaking camp at Fort Union was painted in 1833.



Historic home of many of the great Indian tribes . . .

ALTHOUGH the Indian's place in the sun was drastically clouded by the westward storm of Manifest Destiny, that sun set last in Montana. Today the Treasure State preserves more of Indian art, culture and aboriginal social pattern than any other state. Seven huge Indian reservations comprising more than a tenth of all Indian lands in the United States are located here. At least one out of every 16 reservation Indians in the nation lives in Montana. Eleven important Indian tribes—As-

A short drive south of Havre in the gentle Bear Paw mountains, on the Rocky Boy Reservation, live displaced Chippewa and Cree. Traveling westward toward the awe-inspiring scenic beauty of Glacier National Park, the visitor reaches Browning on the Blackfeet Reservation. Properly, here is located the fine U. S. Plains Indian Museum, preserving and displaying the great cultural treasures of most of the important Western tribes.

A visitor who enters the Treasure



siniboine, Blackfeet, Crow, Cree, Cheyenne, Chippewa, Flathead, Gros Ventre, Kutenai, Pend d'Oreille and Sioux—are represented.

Entering the Land of Shining Mountains from the east, on U. S. 2, one skirts the Fort Peck Reservation for more than 100 miles. Here one sees descendants of the once-mighty Sioux and the adventuresome and always interesting Assiniboine. Within another 1½ hours' drive are the approaches to the Fort Belknap Reservation, principal home of the once-ubiquitous Gros Ventre (Atsina) or "Big Bellies," as well as the remainder of the American-based Assiniboine.

State from the west moves immediately into the scenically-inspiring ancestral lands of the Flathead, Kutenai and Pend d'Oreilles which once encompassed all of fertile Western Montana. Now they are in close proximity to the Mission Range and beautiful Flathead Lake. Going east toward the prairies on U. S. 10 (with Billings as a natural gateway to both) one may readily visit the Crow and Tongue River (Cheyenne Indian) Reservations. Any visit to Montana without seeing an Indian, or setting foot on a reservation, would be virtually impossible; and certainly it would be a colossal mistake. For herein lives one of the most colorful remaining aspects of the Old West.

Montana was the scene of fierce Indian wars . . .

TWO OF THE most dramatic and widely known chapters of the western Indian wars, the Custer Battle and the brilliant retreat of Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce (including the Battle of the Big Hole and the Battle of the Bear's Paw) are forever enshrined on Montana soil.

The terrible June, 1876 tragedy of General Custer and his valiant 7th Cavalry can only be understood by a first hand visit to the carefully kept Custer Battlefield National Monument. Not so widely-known, but also reeking of history is another National Monument, that at the Big Hole Battlefiel'd, reached through U. S. 93 in southwestern Montana; and the terminal point of Chief Joseph's epic retreat, now a State Park, south of Chinook off U. S. 2, site of the heartbreaking Battle of the Bear's Paw. Although not generally well marked, or so easily accessible, visitors will also find a rewarding experience in

visits to the sites and ruins of such military posts and arsenals as Forts Assiniboine, Benton, Buford, Custer, Fizzle, Harrison, Keogh, Logan (where stands one of the few authentic original log blockhouses in existence), Maginnis, Shaw and C. F. Smith—all of which played exciting roles in the Indian Wars in Montana.

There is a spiritual and sensual quality inherent in a visit to the old military posts and battlefields. Somehow one seems to hear the distant echo of commands and gunfire, the rattle of sabres and the clatter of horses hooves. Actually, as in most military experience, some troopers spent several years isolated on a territorial post, and the greatest experience remembered was the monotony of brilliant sunsets and sunrises, of gripping cold in winter and biting heat, dust and putrid alkaline water in the seared summers.





The blockhouse at Fort Logan, one of the few such buildings still to be seen, is pictured at the right. Located 15 miles west of White Sulphur Springs, this blockhouse was built with the upper part set counter to the lower to give its defenders view to all sides. Originally called Camp Baker, this stronghold was named Fort Logan in 1877 to honor Captain William Logan who was killed in the Battle of the Big Hole. It was abandoned in 1880 when its troops were moved to newly constructed Fort Maginnis.



The Custer Battle on the hog-back ridge along the Little Big Horn River is depicted (left below) by artist Nick Eggenhofer. This painting, one of the most recent done of this most famous of all Indian-white battles, is owned by James S. Hutchins. Below is pictured the headquarters building of historic Fort Assiniboine near Havre, built in 1879 to guard the northern ramparts of Montana Indian territory, much of which is still standing today.





Glorious Glacier . . .

ONE OF THE true beauty spots of the world, Glacier National Park has inspired and thrilled many millions of visitors since its establishment in 1910. It is the number one tourist attraction within the geographic confines of Montana. To the Blackfeet Indians this was the "Backbone-of-the-World," where Napi, all-powerful Old Man, created their world. It has come a long ways since the talented James Willard Schultz eulogized it in his famous Indian books; and George Bird Grinnell explored its pristine splendors and then fought for their perpetual preservation. Although timeless in its Alpine splendors of glaciers, lakes and majestic mountains, some of the man-made facilities have changed much since the early days of the park, as depicted here.





An early survey party (right) is studying the shrinking dimensions of Grinnell Glacier, named for George Bird Grinnell whose unselfish interest in the Park led to its exploration and eventual adoption as a National Park.



Soon after its establishment in 1910, Glacier Park became a tourist's paradise, and its popularity has never waned. In the picture below, early vintage buses and cars are loading and unloading passengers at the St. Mary's Chalets.





Many faceted land of lively history . . .

ALTHOUGH BOOKS could be written on the subject (and a great many have) all items previously reported are but facets in Montana's broad-gauged history. Countless others, too many to mention except in book-length treatment, are of equal color, scope and significance. Yet with only two pages remaining here, several demanded attention.

The incomparable western art of C. M. Russell had to be mentioned. The two great Montana public collections at the Historical Society building in Helena and the Trigg-Russell Gallery at Great Falls are exciting experiences for anyone even mildly interested in Americana (bottom of page). And the Historical Society also houses a fine free museum and many other priceless objects such as Jim Bridger's Hawken rifle and the headstones from the graves of road agents hung by the vigilantes in the 1860's, also pictured here.

Earliest memento of man in this region is Captain Clark's name, carved into Pemsey's Pillar, July 25. 1306.

Highway 10 between Billings and Forsyth passes very near the huge natural monument. On the opposite side of the State, south of Missoula, may be seen the beginning of reconstruction of Major Owen's old trading post established in 1850, now a State Park site and situated near the exquisite little log church at old St. Mary's Mission, founded by Father DeSmet in 1841.

And last but not least the early scene at Fort Benton reminds us that this was the cradle of Montana history. A trip here is an absolute historical must—now even more productive since the opening of a small but well-done Fort Benton museum.



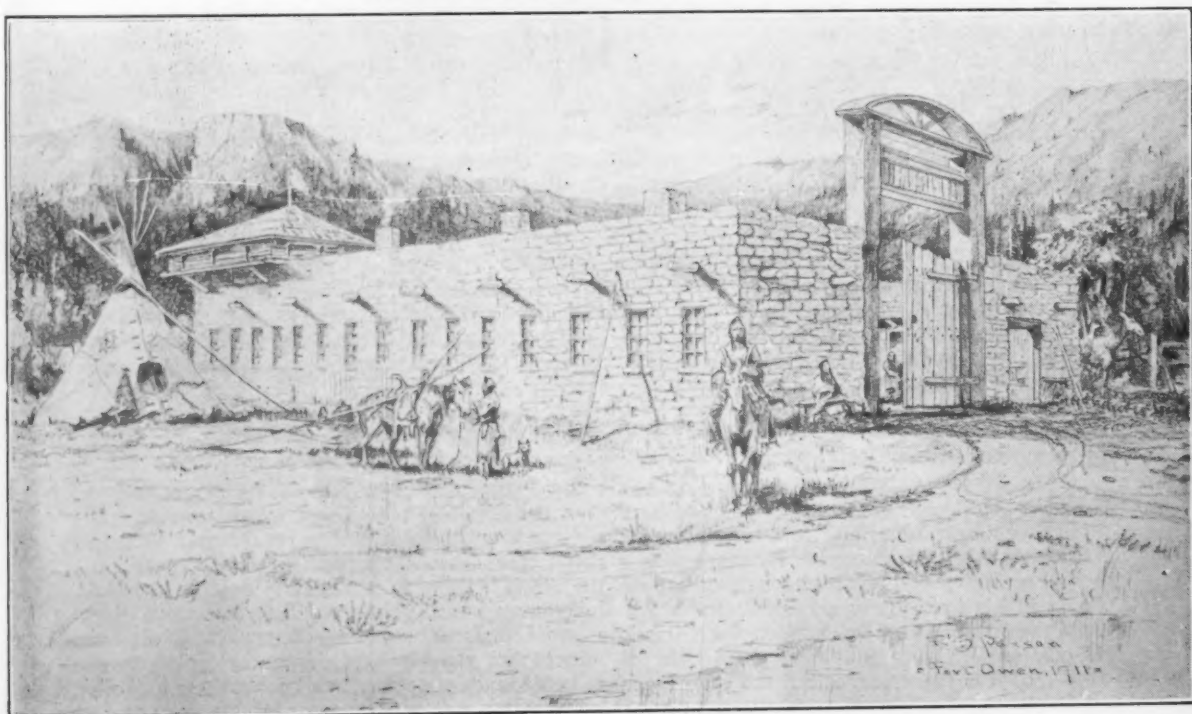
POMPEY'S PILLAR (right)



FORT BENTON (center)



OLD FORT OWEN (below)





This typical street scene in Virginia City was taken in 1864. The miners and other citizens gathered at the corner of H. Ming's Banking House were eager for diversion. In many cases they and many like them were taken in by the schemes of clever men whose repertory included everything from "scientific" lectures to camel rides, bull fights and all manner of cure-alls.

VIRGINIA CITY, M. T.

IT IS AN interesting fact that the two greatest placer gold strikes in Montana history, and among the greatest in all western history, were sheer accidents. They were at Alder Gulch and Last Chance Gulch. The mis-named "Four Georgians" had hoped to strike it rich somewhere in the Blackfeet country along the Marias or northern Missouri rivers and they were returning south to Bannack, tired, dirty and discouraged, when they found rich colors near present-day Helena.

A year earlier the strike at Alder Gulch, which brought into being fabulous Virginia City, came as the result of a complete mix-up in the joining of two parties which were to make up the abortive James Stuart Yellowstone Expedition, seeking fortunes hundreds of miles east in what ultimately was the region of Custer's massacre.

Both parties were set upon by the usually peaceful Crow Indians. The second party of seven, of whom only Henry Edgar, Barney Hughes and Bill Fairweather made further imprint on history, were desultorily returning to Bannack in late May, 1863. After being robbed and browbeaten by the Crows, they had bucked the rough country north of present Yellowstone Park and struggled across the Absarokee, Gallatin, Madison and Tobacco ranges. They had settled for a good campsite at the mouth of a small stream, thickly grown with alder bushes, as they approached the Ruby Valley. But a few idle passes with a gold pan washed away all past hardship and disappointment.

By the end of 1863, some 6,000 miners and camp followers had rushed in to build Virginia City (first named Varina, after Jeff Davis' wife, by pro-Confederates) and the satellite camps of Nevada City, Circle City and Central City. As described by an Eastern newswriter in the summer of 1864, Alder Gulch teemed with more than 10,000 souls and "the main street of Virginia City, made up of a double row of compact buildings almost a mile in length, contained, in addition to many other businesses, eight hotels, two churches, six billiard halls, four or five elegant gambling houses, three hurdy-gurdies or dance halls, several bawdy houses and innumerable saloons. The streets were densely crowded with pilgrims and miners. Heavily loaded teams and pack trains were passing up and down the streets. . ."

The fabulous diggings produced an estimated \$40,000,000 in gold in the next four years. Every facet of gold camp life developed here. Of violence and bloodshed, rough and riotous living, drinking, gambling and bawdy-housing, there was an abundance. Yet this seamy side has been vastly overplayed; for there was a strain of culture, education, religion and sound moral and civic activities of considerable weight which has been largely overlooked. K. Ross Toole in his fascinating book, **Montana: An Uncommon Land**, points out that the two major books on Virginia City, written by Dimsdale and Langford, who were there, dwell almost wholly on Vigilante activity and the color of unrestricted violence, murder and drunkenness; and that it is unfortunate that the orderly, more basic tenor of society has been so overlooked.

J. H. Morley wrote in his diary: "I shouldn't have the patience to count the places of business, but can say that the market is so well stocked that all necessities and many luxuries can be obtained in the stores." A callow youth, J. K. Miller, kept a detailed diary. It tells us that he spent considerable time in church, that he helped organize the Virginia City Social Club, that he enjoyed the recreational outlets of the theater, billiards, books, boxing, riding socials and horse-racing and that he was advancing his education by French lessons.

Most writing about Virginia emphasizes that "The Innocents" or Road Agents, curiously aligned with Sheriff Henry Plummer, in less than two years committed 102 cold-blooded murders. And this was rectified by the courage and determination of the Vigilantes who speedily hung Plummer and his 23 leading henchmen. Surely Virginia City, M. T., in its heyday was an exciting, colorful place. But it should not be overlooked that life there consisted of much more than drinking and shooting. Virginia was, in fact, a surprisingly well-rounded city.

BUNCO ARTIST: VINTAGE 1860

VIRGINIA CITY HAD ITS SHARE OF SMOOTH OPERATORS
WHO EXTRACTED GOLD WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT

BY LARRY BARNES

WHEN WE think of the Old West mining camps, there arises a picture of rough, bearded carousers flinging away fat pokes of gold dust worth \$18 an ounce in exchange for the tawdry delights of the gambling saloon and the hurdy-gurdy. Faint sounds of ricocheting lead echo in the ears from the sound tracks of forgotten western movies. Vague shapes of teamster, gambler, dance hall girl and hairy miner parade before the eyes.

And then there's the BAD man, toting his arsenal—always the bad man, in this case locally labelled "Road Agent" and self-called "Innocent"—who takes his gold by hold-up and murder. Forgotten is the clever bad man who thought guns were cumbersome things and dangerous things to look into. He, too, mulcted the miner, and, although he sometimes stuck his neck out a long, long ways, no one ever slipped a noose around it.

Part of the story of the mining camp bunco artists is told in the newspapers printed in Virginia City, M. T., during the 1860's and 1870's: *The Montana Post*, *The Montana Democrat*, *The Montanian*, and *The Madisonian*. These yellowed old sheets, preserved in the Historical Society of Montana Library, are a commentary on everyday life in Virginia City's heyday. They reveal that Virginia City, like most boom camps, was a con-man's Mecca of considerable scope.

Clever schemes devised to help the schemer live well while working little are easily glimpsed in the helter-skelter

maze of local news: Brief stories of the arrival of the corn-doctor, mail order advertisements of sure cures for venereal disease or remedies for impotency caused by "the practices of youth," tick-et-selling schemes, peddler's goods for sale and notices of dabblers in the occult. Through the newspaper, faith mediums contracted to tell "the boys" just where the dust lay. Phrenologists offered to read character by feeling head bumps.

These hokum artists devised methods of obtaining gold-dust that had panning backed right out of the gulch. They be-



The lower end of Virginia City as it looks today after the painstaking restoration by Senator Charles Bovey. So authentic is the reconstruction of this fabulous old mining town that were it not for the paved highway with white center marker, this could be a picture of Virginia City in the '60's when it had its share of con-men, adept at extracting in their own way the gold from a miner's poke.

lieved implicitly that gold was where you find it: either in the black sands next to bedrock or in the dark crevices of the miner's poke. It was poke-dust they were prospecting for. Once located, a likely poke was worked with what might be called a strip-miner technique—and there were as many techniques as there were schemers.

The newspaper presses were hired to print handbills, tickets, posters or bottle labels, no matter for what bamboozling schemes. The newspaper columns were for rent for advertising "puffs" or straight ads. In a way, the editor was an *ipso facto* accessory to these mountebanks. But the publisher, who had his money in advance, felt that all grown men should be able to fend for themselves. If they were duped by what was obviously a fraudulent piece of advertising—well—all he could tell them was **SOLD AGAIN**. During the few boom years he told them several times.

Only once was a **SELL** reported working in reverse—the humbugger being sold. In 1864 the *Post* reported the antics of one Major Alberta, a colorful old fraud whose desire to be an actor ruined him.

From as far away as Utah he smelled gold up north and decided to winter in Montana. Five days out of Salt Lake the coach deposited him, lace-front shirt, wife and baggage, before the Ben Holliday office. His numerous baggage unloaded, he promenaded his wife down the wallow of a street, carefully detouring the puddles of manure and urine, two elegant figures, carefully rigged to catch attention on that bleak November street.

Like his compatriots in conniving, he invaded the newspaper office and inserted his introductory advertisement.

Larry Barsness, author of this amusing facet of gold camp life—that of the bunco artists and con men who had their own special way of panning gold in Virginia City—has been manager and director of the Virginia City Players since their organization 11 years ago. A native Montanan, Barsness attended Montana State University for three years and transferred to Iowa State University to take his B.S. degree in theatre. He received an M.S. degree in theatre from the University of Oregon in 1950.

Although he is an experienced professional actor and entertainer, Larry's main interests are in theatrical management and direction. His talent as a writer came to the fore in 1952 when The Players performed his hilarious musical play, "Tell the Girls to Write," based on early letters written by Otto Maerdian to his sister in Illinois.

As can be seen in this article, Mr. Barsness has a way of sifting the ludicrous fool's gold from the frontier nuggets found in early Montana newspapers. This article is undoubtedly destined to become a chapter in the book Barsness is now writing. It tentatively carries the provocative title, "The Laughing Frontier."

Historic Virginia City, first incorporated town (January, 1864) and the second Montana Territorial capital—restored with patience and fidelity by State Senator and Mrs. Charles Bovey—has been one of Montana's outstanding tourist attractions for a decade and a half. Without pause, the Boveys have added to Virginia City's vivid appeal every year since they started their unique project in 1943.

The first building of the crumbling town to be restored was the MONTANA POST building with its clean, exciting exterior. Here the first newspaper in the Territory was published. It is from its yellowed pages on file in the Historical Society of Montana that much of the research for the accompanying article and for most authentic research and writing on the fascinating camp, has been done.

When the Boveys began their private restoration project, aiming for strict authenticity, they found that many of the buildings could be purchased from the owners. Now dress and millinery shops, a Wells-Fargo station, hotel, barber shop, blacksmithy, saloons, brewery and many other relics have been brought back to life. That the Boveys have succeeded in retaining the real flavor of an earlier day is annually attested by comments of thousands of travelers accustomed to the artificial luster of commercialized tourist centers. "Here is the real McCoy!" they exclaim. And they are quite right, for here one experiences both visually and spiritually the sensation of living almost a century earlier in one of the Old West's really great gold camps.

It included most of the possibilities of bunco enterprise:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE POST:

GENTLEMEN:—You will oblige by inserting the following: Just arrived, Major Alberto and Lady, from Europe, via Utah, dramatic author, poet, humorist, physiognomist, phrenologist, natural physiologist and scientific lecturer. He proposes casting nativity and giving phrenological charts. They also bring with them scenery and stage property and propose running a first class theatre this season, and the Major promises to present from his own pen, the best series of dramatic works extant.

N. B.—Wanted: A few literary gentlemen and ladies to complete the troupe. Apply at Morier's restaurant.

Missing from this list of buncombe is Doctor of Medicine. Evidently he had left his medicine bottles and fake labels behind in favor of scenery and scripts for his "first class theatre."

If so, he had packed the wrong baggage. The theatre situation had already been filled, and Dick Johnson, the local theatre manager, had recruited the talents of the available "literary ladies and gentlemen" for his own company. The town obviously could not support two competing Thespian enterprises.

To the bottom of the trunks went the scenery and scripts; out came imposing phrenological charts. The Major made ready to try the next best thing,

the fortune-telling, character-reading pitch. Nevertheless, his advertisement on December 17, 1865, in the *Montana Post* was considerably subdued:

Nativities Cast,

Planetary Diseases Treated,

Phrenological Charts Given

and Acrostics Written by

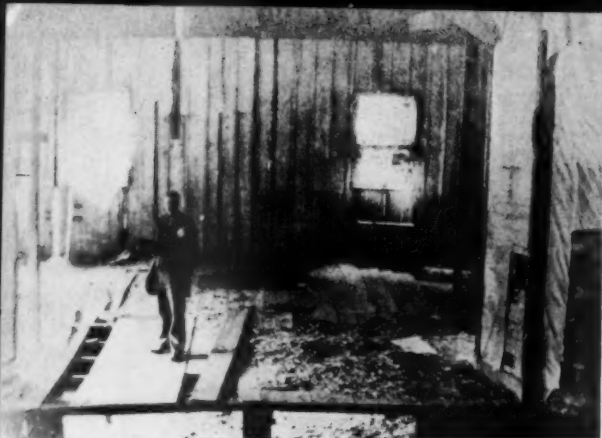
Major ALBERTA,

Opposite the Elk Horn Corral

The Major's first love, however, was the theatre. Playing such roles as mystic, seer and prophesier of the future for an audience of one did not satiate his desire for plaudits of the multitude. As second best he liked to cut a swath before the boys, making his brag about his prowess as actor and playwright over a mug of beer, loudly declaiming for all within earshot upon the short-



The People's Theatre in Virginia City where the colorful Major Alberta appeared and got soundly "panned" by the *Montana Post*. is shown here in disrepair. The man standing in front is R. G. Graves, famous in the early days of the theatre as "Tony Ward." He was an actor, monologist and friend of C. A. S. Vivian, founder of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. The Elks, as all brethren know, was originally an organization of actors and theatrical people. The original of this photograph was presented to the Historical Society of Montana by the late Judge L. L. Callaway.



Interior view of the stage of the People's Theatre in Virginia City where live entertainment of all kinds relieved the monotony of gold camp life. Standing near the front of the rotting stage is R. G. Graves whose theatrical name was Tony Ward. From the original photo presented to the Historical Society by the late Judge L. L. Callaway.

comings of the incumbent theatrical company, expounding upon how he would do it.

The boys sized him up but fast. In less than a month they had called his bluff. To his delight, they prevailed upon the theatre management to let him strut in one of his own dramas, supported by the local company. Thursday night, January 20, he trod the boards of the People's Theatre. There was a full house:

... All other performances, however excellent, (so far as mirthful effect is concerned) must yield the palm to Thursday's EXHIBITION. A certain Major Alberta produced a five act rigamarole entitled "The Untried Man" playing the lead role himself. [Major Alberta] in a costume of wonderful incongruity, dragoon's pants, and overgrown black toga, and a hat combining the beauties of a coalscuttle and a muff, ornamented with a small picket fence and a pair of asses ears (apparently) marked with a cross. All that Collins, Jack, Martin and Miller could do was insufficient to make anything but a most ridiculous absurdity of this combination of wild improbability and folly. The audience fairly screamed with laughter, and received the piece with cries of "time," "foul," as the text suggested the idea. Alberta took it all in earnest, as applause, and evoked a perfect furore of acclamation by a chaste salute, like the crack of a small revolver accompanied by a flourish of trumpets. At the close, the author seriously returned thanks to the audience and warned any one that the play was copyrighted! The management deserve credit for their desire to please their patrons, at whose request the piece was performed, but the murder of the Queen's English and the "exasperation" of the haitches by Alberta, were beyond anything ridiculous. His last thoughts were in Hingland and the audience were in fits.—"The Warlock of the Glen" is to be given tonight, and as it is a fine piece, we hope to see a good audience. N. B. The "untried man" will not play. He has been "tried" and found wanting.

MONTANA POST, 1865.

Following this appearance, Alberta ads soon disappear from the *Post*. Who would have his head cartographed by a man who obviously needed his own head *candled*? The old boy had made enough from his show to buy tickets for two to Silver Bow, where he next appeared in a series of "scientific lectures." It had been cheap riddance—the laugh had been worth the two dollars for the theatre ticket.

Exposes are always dear to editors' hearts. No less to mining camp journalists, but they could not be completely serious, even with a choice item of scandal.

A cousin in chicanery to Major Alberta was the popular Count Murat, nephew of Joachim Murat, made King of Naples by Napoleon. This "real count" came to Montana Territory with all of the instincts of a true follower of the rapacious conqueror. He operated the Arcade Saloon in the early days of the camp. He was patronized by all the innocents who liked to pay for the privilege of gazing at aristocracy across a bar. In two short months he weighed himself down with all the gold he could safely portage out of the mountains. The town wept to see this, the most popular of their citizens, pull up stakes.

Shortly, he was the darling barber to the upper crust of Denver when a startling report appeared in the *Virginia City Post*, written by his old "friend," Editor Dimsdale:

—Count, (H. Murat) we kindly remember thee for sundry and diver's drinks taken in your Arcade for which we paid on your scales, with extra heavy weights. Your successor having found these weights, placed them in the hands of some officers, who showed them to us. You have got \$8,000 gulch dust, have you?

MONTANA POST, 1864.

The Count's friends in Denver refused to believe the upstart *Post* editor's scoop. He remained mum, trim-

This advertisement of the Arcade Restaurant, operated briefly in Virginia City by the self-styled "Count" H. Murat, appeared in every issue of the *Montana Post* during his residence. After his departure for Denver, Editor Dimsdale inserted a notice in the *Post* reminding his readers that the Count had extra heavy weights on the Arcade's scales and had thus extracted from them more than his share of gulch dust. This particular ad appeared in the issue of Sept. 24, 1864.

LUNCH! LUNCH!!

—AT THE—

**ARCADE RESTAURANT
AND SALOON.**

BY

H. MURAT

Corner of Idaho and Jackson Sts.

Lunch every night, from nine to twelve o'clock.
Meals at all hours of the day, put up in the best style.

The finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars, always to be had at the bar. 4—3m

med Denverites' beards instead of their pokes, cached his gold, and kept a wary eye on strange customers who talked of Montana gold fields.

Those slickers who had no dishonest weights did as well in Montana mining towns by adulterating honest gold dust. Newspaper readers were often warned to watch out for such practices. Sometimes the adulterators sifted small amounts of sand into a poke, but this was easily detected. More professional con-men added galvanized copper. Its dull golden color was difficult to detect among the thousands of tiny flakes, and, according to the papers, the galvanized coating helped protect it from the acid test used to reveal debased gold.

Mail-order bilks also fleeced the young miners. Fancy newspaper ads promised cures for venereal diseases, sent in plain wrapped parcels, or advice on how to regain potency after the debilitating practices of youth. The meanest of these bilks were the ones, who, preying on the loneliness of the boys, advertised themselves as lovely young Mormon girls anxious to leave Utah and be out of the reach of the "lecherous" Brigham Young.

Montana "b'hoys" surged to the rescue. Letters fired off to the Utah addresses brought back delicate answers. Further exchanges of missives produced sepia prints, slightly scented, depicting maidens more luscious than dreamed of. The boys were smitten. Continued correspondence indicated all that need be done to rescue one of these lovelies, to have her nestling in one's lonely cabin, was to ante up the necessary stage fare, plus "expenses." Bereft of reason by the pretty faces dimpling at them from the pasteboard,

the boys opened their pokes and expressed the paltry money to Utah.

In a few days the hopefuls began meeting each coach from the south, eager to hand down the expected bevy of eloping beauties. When a fortnight later no coach had disgorged either beauties or letters, one of the dupes made the trip to Salt Lake City, a knight-errant, with carpet bag, bent on rescuing his damsel, a plan of action in his mind.

Once in the City of Saints he sought out the photographer from whose studio the prints had come, and showed the chemical-stained owner his only clue, the photograph. Alas, the picture was one of numerous anonymous "stage beauties" whose likeness could be purchased by the gross. By the time he returned to Montana, the columns of the prying *Montanian* had told all.

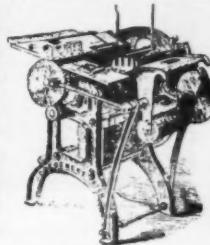
Newspaper stories show that anyone who could offer the miners novelty could sell tickets for it. The bored men who plied up and down the slanting main street in search of a new sensation each night were a promoter's delight. Ticket-selling performers and exhibitors came from afar.

The most straightforward of these was the man who entered the town aboard a dromedary, one of six who had carried him all the long way from Utah, shattering the placid routine of freighters and mule teams all along the way. They were advertised to carry

THE Montana Post

Job Printing of all kinds—Cards, Billboards, Ball Tickets, Show Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Posters, Hand-Bills, Circulars, Theater Programmes, etc.—done at the Post Job Office in the best style and at low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The "Post" has the
Largest Circulation



of any paper in the Territory

To Advertisers:

Our Columns offer the best medium through which
MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN
Can make known their wants as the *Post* is taken in every
mining camp and hamlet in the Territory.



DR. MUFELAND'S
CELEBRATED
SWISS STOMACH BITTERS

**TRY
IT!
TRY
IT!**

The best Partner of the Blood.
A pleasant Tonic!
A very agreeable Drink!
Unsurpassed for acting surely but
gently on the secretions of the kid-
neys, bowels, stomach and liver!
For sale at all wholesale and retail li-
quor, drug and grocery stores.

NOBODY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!

J. G. FESCH, Proprietor.
TAYLOR & BENDEL, Sole Agents.
7147-198 412 Clay St., San Francisco.

ELECTROPATHY

HO! YOU THAT ARE SICK! You that have got
the Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Mountain Fever,
Summer Complaint, or any other disease incident to
the climate, and can get no relief, try Prof. McIn-
tyre's new system of treatment by Hydro Magnetic
Electricity. Six years of experience in the States
warrants him in saying that this is the most efficient
method of curing disease that is now practiced.—
No unpleasant sensation is produced during treat-
ment. Orders left at Major Hadley's store, Main
street, Virginia, M. T., promptly attended to.
Nov. 12, 1864. 12-1m³ L. MCINTYRE.

Why will ye be Sick??

DISEASES OF THE
Sexual, Seminal, and Urinary Organs!!
New and Reliable Treatment

Without Mercury!
SPEEDILY AND RADICALLY CURED, no matter
of how long duration.

Also of Mercurial Sufferings!
The Suffering of both Sexes cured at Home.
Charges Moderate.

Consultations personally, or by mail, free. Communica-
tions strictly confidential. Letters opened and replied to
by the resident physician.

Address. E. W. DAVIS,
Box 100, Oliver's Express,
Helena City, M. T.

50-41*

ten children each or loads of 1,000 pounds. The ungainly brutes paraded about the town, carrying a swaying load of squealing youngsters, hilarious miners or painted "hurdies." The novelty of the story-book animals was both their success and their downfall. The exhibitor had overlooked the effect the strange beasts might have on the lone wanderer, oblivious to newspaper advertising and show business:

SHOT THE WRONG BIRD.—One of the dromedaries which lately came into the Territory, was quietly grazing near Snow Shoe Creek, when a hunter in search of game observed the wonderful brute. Thinking that he was about to contribute a new name to the list of American quadrupeds, he fired. Down sank "the Ship of the Desert," and up ran the hunter. On discovering the anatomical peculiarities of his prize, Nimrod evaporated with rapidity. Being overtaken by the owner, and informed in a very pointed and energetic manner that he had shot one of his pursuer's camels, with inimitable nonchalance, he exclaimed, "Well, Mister! you can have the camel if it's yours." On mature reflection, the camel-shooter has determined to go for elephants on his next hunt.

MONTANA POST, 1865.

Schemers who had no dromedaries to exhibit compromised by exhibiting themselves. In numerous letters-to-the editor, the fleet of foot offered to race cross-country or down boardwalk, wagering \$100 to \$500 they could outrun anyone in the Territory. Jig-dancers challenged all comers and even exceptional walkers contested for championships.

Seven days of popularity was enjoyed by a strange pedestrian sport known as plank-walking. Yankee Driggs, a sharp New England tinsmith, invented the brief-lived endurance contest just before Christmas in 1865. He sold tickets to his novelty, raising capital to start a tinshop by hiring the Stonewall Hall and there grimly pacing back and forth on an 18-foot plank, 18 inches from the floor, never halting, for an exhausting 36 hours. At the

Claims to cure illnesses of all kinds appeared regularly in early newspapers. It was one of the common ways in which a fast dollar was turned in the early West. Here are three examples of such advertisements carried in the columns of the *Montana Post* during the 1860's. All have been reproduced from papers on file at the Historical Society of Montana. The *Post* editor, like his colleagues in journalism, felt that the public was responsible for protecting itself against the variety of questionable operators who bought newspaper space.

close of his effort, which aroused tremendous interest, the Chebang Saloon, needing a diversion for the holiday season, immediately backed an endurance contest between Driggs and a C. W. Blunt for the plank-walking championship of Montana Territory. But ticket sales were light and the *Post* reported that the men called it quits after 49 hours. A sport so much like turtle racing had worn off its uniqueness during Driggs' first stint. Plank-walking was dead in Montana Territory. (Christmas time was ever bad in show biz.)

Bull-fighting had an even briefer life. The first most anyone heard about this big event was the sound of hammers wielded on the durndest biggest corral ever. But there weren't no livery barn there. What was going on? By golly, a real-honest-to-goodness Bull Fight. That's what the posters said: Bull vs. Bear!

The concocters of this scheme had hit on the one-shot novelty which would put them in the red-chips right now. It was a do-it-yourself project. There were Mexicans in town, they obviously had seen a bull-fight. Several were elected to give authenticity to the Mexican part of the affair. There were various sizes of bulls available in any color desired: one was selected to provide the *fight* part of the billing. Best of all, from the promoters' viewpoint, there were hundreds of miners available eager to buy tickets, most of whom didn't know a *pase natural* from a fandango. But nobody had a bear.

And so it came to pass that on a Sunday afternoon in September, 1864, a thin imitation of the matador's cry of *Hah! Toro!* amused the bearded miners perched precariously on the new logs surrounding the "bull-ring:"

THE BULL FIGHT.—A most absurd and disgusting exhibition was got up in town last Sunday to relieve the miners of their hard earnings under the pretentious caption "Great Bull Fight." Now a bull fight, considered apart from its moral aspect, is a most stirring spectacle, always ending in the death of the bull and too frequently in that of one or more of the fighters; but Sunday's farce had no such redeeming qualities. In-

deed, an attempt to hack off the bull's horns with axe, was vetoed by the crowd. The matador was doubtless a very brave fellow, and so was the bull. It was a want of reciprocity that spoiled it. When the bull got into a passion the bull-fighter had cooled off, or mounted the fence for that purpose. The spectators, finding that they had been made a show of, instead of the bull, called for dogs, with which the poor brute was worried till the parties got tired and walked off. A fine little animal yclept "Teazer"—concentrated in himself all the pluck of the affair; the rest of the dogs going up like a rocket and down like the stick. We would recommend a visit to the slaughter yard to persons interested in such sights. There will be a death and some use in the killing. On the next occasion, we recommend the cutting off the bull's head. He will then hurt no one. The projectors got a coral—the Mexican some dollars—the bulls some hay, and the people got bitten. The attendance was small, judging from the result of the inquiries. One man admitted that he had been there, in language not to be found in the Epistle to the Galatians, at any rate. Another said he had looked through a knot-hole, and couldn't see much, but the rest of our acquaintances who are fond of sporting affairs, one and all, had an appointment up town when questioned on the subject. As we passed down the street, one of our auctioneers unwittingly pronounced a true judgment on the affair—"Sold again and got the money!"

MONTANA POST, 1864.

The editor summed up the fellings of the town in the same issue:

WANTED:—A man that saw the bull fight. Also a forty-foot pole, a two-foot sponge and five gallons of chloroform—to catch a grizzly bear.

Occasionally a lone, barnstorming lecturer checked in at the Planters Hotel, anxiously looking after his treasured calcium light, the "limelight" which was more of a novelty than his lecture notes. In 1864 he was a Mr. Kent who brought his *Panoptique* to town and exhibited *War and Comic Pictures* for a short season. But, no matter what his name, he viewed Virginia City as a lectern surrounded by hundreds of paid admissions.

Unfortunately, the editors report, the boys preferred the sound of their own voices, and wouldn't buy a ticket to listen. Consequently, the lecturing business, even with its low overhead and small capital investment, was a poor one in Montana Territory.



Not many days in the early gold camps were as filled with the excitement and pageantry as was Virginia City during this early Masonic parade. Entertainment was eagerly sought by the lonely miners, but when it fell short of advance advertising, the Virginia City editors were not too polite to "pan" it.

The low esteem of lecturing as an entertainment may have stemmed from the experience of the town with one Charles Hastings:

THE BLOODLESS VICTORY OF HASTINGS

Charles Hastings, Lecturer, Essayist, and Professor of political economy and belles-lettres, last week honored the city of Virginia with his presence, and on Thursday night last delivered a lecture upon the analogy between Mahom-medanism and Mormonism. His audience was not large, but what it lacked in numbers it made up in noise. There was a huge jury confined in the hall overhead, and it seemed that the very demons had taken possession of the place from the stamping and dragging of chairs, tables and desks over the floor. With this overhead and an incessant howl and stamp below, the assembly did not lack for enthusiasm. However the lecturer, amid this pandemonium of sounds, finished his lecture, and convinced his auditors that Mahommed was a man and Brigham Young wasn't a woman, but had a hankering after more than his share of that blessed portion of God's creatures equal to his ancient prototype.

After Mr. Hastings, Mr. James, a citizen of Virginia and a believer in the doctrine of Latter Day Saints and Book of Mormon, took the stand to answer and defend his Lord and Prophet, Brigham. The doors were thrown open and the hall filled with people in a few moments, noise increasing every minute. Mr. James jogged along leisurely and incoherently until some unappreciative wretch shot a rocket close to the old gentleman's head. This riled him, showing plainly that he possessed in a large degree a peculiarity common to cold potatoes, "better when warmed up." After working the speaker up to a fever heat

with howls, fire crackers and serpents, at a given signal the crowd deserted the hall in a body, leaving him talking to empty benches and but two young gents of the town, whom, judging from their remaining, are in favor of plurality of wives. Better try one first, boys, and see how you like it.

The crowd deserting had not the least effect on the speaker, and he continued as though nothing had happened. The boys, discovering that he had beat them on that dodge, returned to the hall determined to try another, and immediately began throwing crackers and other fireworks by the bunch around the speaker's stand, the bursting of which drowned his voice; but at every cessation of hostilities he would renew with redoubled vigor and breath. This state of affairs being continued for some time the smoke and fireworks became too thick. The speaker, with head erect and eyes aloft, stood like a martyr, maintaining his ground until both the crowd and crackers were exhausted. There were no hard feelings after the smoke had blown away. Mr. James understanding the demonstrations to be only a few pleasantries peculiar to the Virginia boys.

The next day a number of the boys put their heads together, called on Mr. Hastings and persuaded him to deliver another lecture, promising the gentleman an overflowing house and themselves a gay time. The lecture was arranged for Saturday night. For days previous preparations were made to give him a warm reception. Crackers, serpents, torpedoes, rockets, powder, cabbages, eggs, etc., were procured in abundance, and the programme was arranged as follows: Several buckets of water were placed near a window close to the speakers stand; a quantity of powder was placed directly under where he would stand, and a train laid to the window; all the boys were

given fireworks and matches to ignite when the speaker had become well warmed up on his subject; the train was to have been fired, the boys were to have thrown their crackers around him, everybody was to have cried fire, and Jimmy M. was to open on the victim with his hand pump, which had been placed at the window with the buckets of water.

But alas for Tommy F., Jimmy M., Georgy T. and others, the lecturer had smelt one little mice and had had himself arranged a programme and carried it out in the following manner: After the crowd was all in he collected the money taken in by the door keeper, walked back to the stand, and said: "Gentlemen, I find that I have left my manuscript in my room at the hotel; I will go after it and return anon." He did not stand farther on the ceremony of going, but went at double-quick through a back window that was open ready for his exit. Some of the boys made for him, but he was too quick for them and made his escape. On his desk he left a sheet of paper, on which were written the following words: "Caught at your game—no rotten eggs for me." Thus left his many admirers this ci-devant orator for parts unknown. Anyone meeting the gentleman will please give him a half dollar for us; we paid him a half, but consider the joke worth double admittance. He will be known by his seedy dress, which is not over fastidious or of the latest cut.

After the unexpected exit of the lecturer a blanker looking crowd than the audience we never saw; but of all the sad faces that were in the hall the saddest were those of Jimmy, Tommy and Georgy. We elbowed our way around to where they sat, and said to them, "Boys, how do you feel?" With considerable exertion Jimmy said, in a melancholy voice, which was a mixture of astonishment, chagrin, merriment, vexation and perplexity, "Sold!" One thing Hastings convinced us of—he wasn't as big a fool as he was fool-looking. Since Saturday night we have been unable to find a single man who attended the lecture.

MONTANIAN, 1871

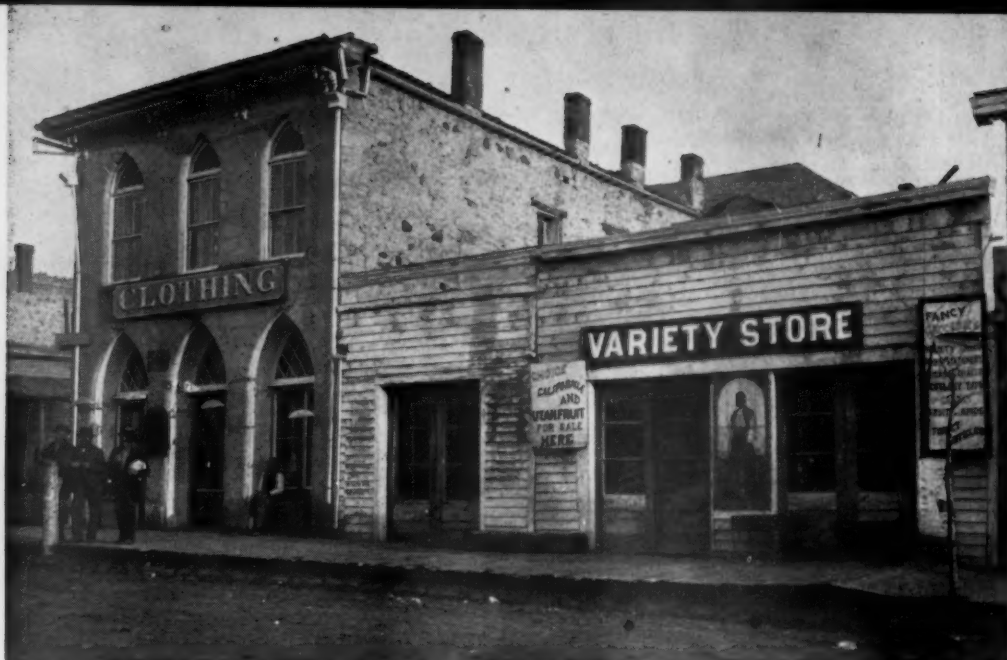
Mark Twain couldn't have gotten the old King and the Duke of Bilgewater out of town and back to the raft in better style.

The boys were left with a nice stock of firecrackers and rotten cabbage and eggs. They didn't try to use them. They were a little tired of them. In the same issue of the *Montanian* appeared the following ad disposing of them:

BELOW COST.—The undersigned having been sold, are now offering for sale below cost, the best assortment of fireworks ever brought to this



Daniel Webster Tilton published his *Montana Post* in the back of the City Book Store pictured here. This building has been restored and is now one of the finest attractions at Virginia City. The pungent pages of the *Post*, Montana's first serious newspaper, furnished much of the material for this article. Tilton liberally advertised his front office wares in his paper, often taking a full column to proclaim that in this building could be found "as magnificent a stock of stationery, books and fancy articles as ever offered in the Territory!" He added this friendly inducement: "On a hot and sultry day you will always find a good, cool and refreshing drink of soda water."



This early picture of Virginia City, showing the corner of Jackson and Wallace Streets, was presented to the Historical Society of Montana by Senator Charles Bovey who has restored the lower portion of the historic old mining camp to the delight of thousands of tourists. The Variety Store signs proclaim the sale of "choice California and Utah fruit" as well as stationery, tobacco, cutlery, toys, and toilet articles.

city. Our stock consists in part of fire-crackers, serpents, torpedoes, rockets, &c. &. We have also on hand a large lot of first quality rotten eggs and cabbage; also a squirt pump, the same formerly used at the Stonewall.

Having been disappointed in a late enterprise, we have soured on the country, and are determined to close out and emigrate to Peace River. If you wish to see us alive, call early. We were betrayed.

George Mitchelum
James Farrellum
Thomas Toddy & Co.

Tickets to the Hasting's lecture can be procured of James Mitch, Esq. of the marble front. A few of those nice eggs on hand. For fireworks, pumps, and gongs, call at the above stand.

MONTANIAN, 1871

And so the ticket sellers and the gold-brick merchants boarded the out-of-town coach or slipped away in the dark, pockets lined with greenbacks, while the "b'hoys" laughed at the "sell."

They were willing to pay for any diversion to break the bleakness of their lives. They laughed and played—and paid—and other people ended up with the wealth.



In the restored portion of Virginia City, below left, modern cars are parked where once horses and the miners' mule were tied. An early drawing, below, depicts the hurdy-gurdy girls of Virginia City breaking the dusty monotony of gold camp life.





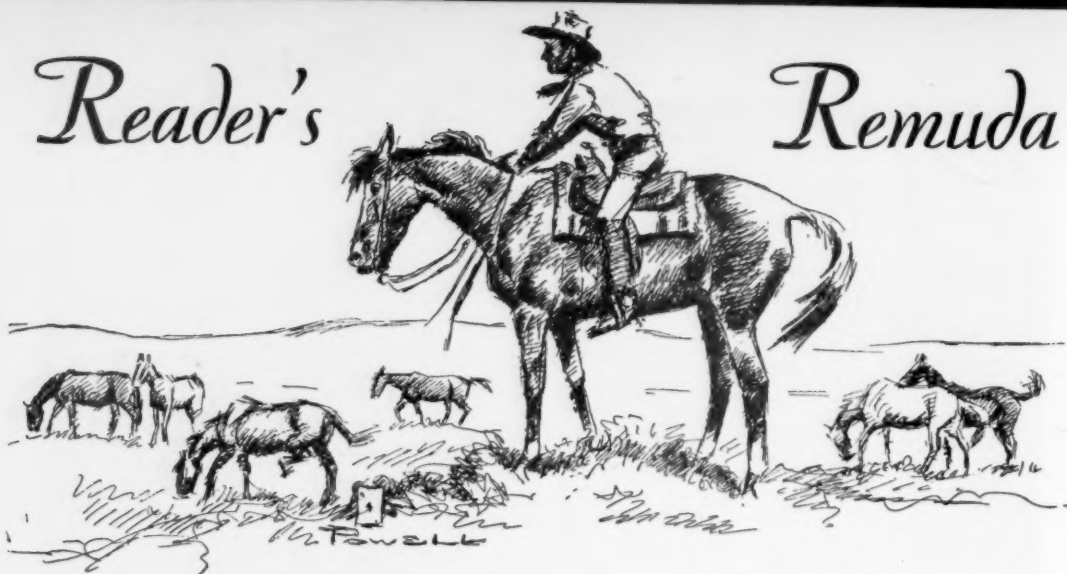
This picture of the blacksmith and wagon shop is typical of the fine restoration done at Virginia City by Senator and Mrs. Charles Bovey. Reproduced by courtesy of "Majestic Montana."



A high percentage of the buildings in Virginia City when it was a roaring gold camp housed saloons, hurdy-gurdies or dance halls. This is the interior of the Bale of Hay Saloon, one of the authentic reconstructed buildings.

Reader's

Remuda



A Roundup of the new western books

Edited by Robert G. Athearn

"TEAPOT DOME," by M. R. Werner and John Starr. (The Viking Press, N. Y., 1959. 306 pp., index, 13 political cartoons, \$5.) This review was written by the Hon. Burton K. Wheeler of Washington, D. C., former Senator from Montana and close associate of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana whose monumental work in investigating the Teapot Dome scandal was just one highlight of a notable career. Since this is Senator Walsh's centennial year, it is especially appropriate to reprint Mr. Wheeler's review of *Teapot Dome* from the Washington, D. C., *Post*. We are indebted to Mr. Wheeler as well as the *Post* editors for gracious permission to publish it here.

In *Teapot Dome* the authors have portrayed in, for the most part, highly readable style the oil scandals that rocked the administration of President Harding in the early 1920's. Not the least interesting aspect of the book are the contemporary cartoons which appeal somewhat more to me than the heavy-handed style currently in vogue. The book describes in considerable detail the motivation and actions of Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall in first securing jurisdiction over and subsequently conveying for large personal profit to oil millionaires Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny the naval oil reserves at Elk Hills, California and Teapot Dome in Wyoming. The authors ably portray the character weaknesses of Secre-

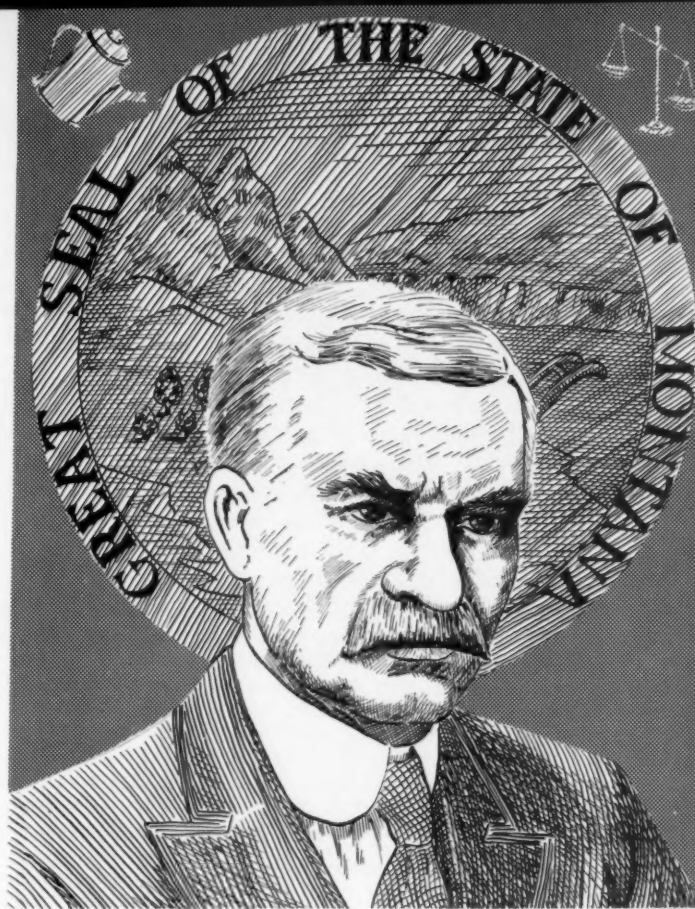
tary of Navy Denby and President Harding which made it possible for strong-minded Secretary Fall to convey, for a small percentage of the expected profits, the right to plunder the two greatest naval oil reserves in the country. Equally clear, although somewhat understressed, was the willingness, even anxiousness, of the profiteers to pay Fall for his duplicity. The story, which begins prior to the Republican Convention of 1920, traces the history of the nomination and election of Harding, the appointment of Fall as Secretary of the Interior, the sale of the oil leases to Doheny and to Sinclair and the subsequent investigation by the Senate Subcommittee on Public Lands under the direction of Senator Walsh of Montana is told in the graphic style of the accounts that filled the newspapers at that time.

Perhaps because at the time I followed the revelations so closely, I found that part of the book dealing with the conduct of the criminal trials of Sinclair, Doheny and Fall by Roberts and Pomerene of less interest than the Senate investigations which furnished the basis for those legal actions. This is not to say that the trials were without significance. When, as the authors points out, Fall, who was the relatively poor man among the culprits, was convicted of receiving bribes from his multimillionaire friends while Doheny and Sinclair were acquitted by subsequent juries of giving the same bribes, faith in our judicial system was severely shaken. Even though the leases on the naval reserves were cancelled by action of the United States Supreme Court in opinions that left no doubt as to the court's condemnation of the nefarious activities of Sinclair, Doheny and Fall, there were many who felt that possession of wealth and the ability to hire clever counsel placed the men beyond

the reach of the criminal laws. The disappointment that attended the court trials served only to further emphasize the outstanding job that my colleague, Senator Walsh, did in investigating and cross-examining the notorious personages and exposing the extent of the crimes against the country that had been committed.

While I highly recommend this engaging and arousing book, I feel that certain criticisms are in order. I doubt that a majority of people in the United States were "struggling against poverty" or that millionaires were more aggressive, corporations more monopolistic, labor's demands greater or the people more "bewildered" in the early 20's than they are today. I don't think they were more willing to condone crookedness — not then politely called "conflict of interest"—than are the people of today. I rather like to recall America during the 20's and particularly the United States Senate of that day. Outstanding leaders were numerous; among them the elder LaFollette, Hiram Johnson, Borah, Norris, Pat Harrison, Joe Robinson, Jim Reed, Cummings of Iowa, Watson and, the authors to the contrary, Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts. Let me add that Senator Walsh acknowledged to me several times the outstanding contributions made by Senator Nye of North Dakota. Whether you agreed with the point of view of these men or not, they were individualistic giants and carried on the best traditions of the Senate.

I started the book in the hopes that it would give a rather complete coverage of the Harding administration scandals. I thought it might have devoted space to the scandals in the Department of Justice under Harry M. Daugherty, to Tom Miller's activities as Alien Property Custodian, and to Gaston B. Means if only to indicate that other aspects of the Harding scandals were unearthed by the Senate in the performance of one of its most necessary and useful functions—that of investigating. Too much time is spent on Jess Smith, who was merely a frightened dupe used by Daugherty. The authors might also have told of the courageous role that Roxy Stinson played in furnishing evidence that led to the conviction of Tom Miller and the indictment and trial of Daugherty. Finally, the authors might have given Senator LaFollette, who introduced the resolution calling for the investigation, more credit. When I first attended a meeting of pro-



gressive senators called by Lafollette in the early part of 1923, the Senator insisted that I urge Senator Walsh to handle the investigation. LaFollette felt that Walsh was the only lawyer on the committee with the necessary qualifications. Walsh proved his courage and integrity by not letting his friendship for Doheny deter him in exposing corruption. It was LaFollette and the other liberal leaders of both parties in the Senate whose constant support of Walsh's investigation in the face of the severest kind of criticism from much of the press of that day that assured committee support for Walsh's work.

I cannot refrain from commenting that many who, in retrospect, praise the Senate investigation of Teapot Dome have criticized more recent similar undertakings by committees of the United States Senate. Critics always assert that unfair techniques are being employed by the investigators whom they criticize. I can give them the assurance of one who has been there, that neither Teapot Dome nor the investigation of Daugherty's Department of Justice were regarded as kid gloves affairs by contemporary critics. We are all inclined to be hypercritical of those who are investigating those whose beliefs we share. Our democracy has no greater champion, has no greater defender, has no greater perpetuator than fearless, honest, hard-hitting congressional investigators in the tradition of Thomas Jefferson Walsh.

"BRITISH INVESTMENTS AND THE AMERICAN MINING FRONTIER 1860-1901" by Clark C. Spence. (Cornell University Press, Ithaca, N. Y., 1958. ix, 288 pp., footnotes, bibliography, appendixes, index. \$4.50). Our reviewer is John W. Hakola who has been on the history faculty of the University of Wyoming the past year. A native Montanan, this young historian is now at work on his doctoral dissertation on the life and times of Samuel T. Hauser. Clark C. Spence is the author of "A Celtic Nimrod in the Old West," the story of the hunting exploits of Sir St. George Gore, which appeared in the Spring 1959 issue of this magazine.

In the field of Western American History one of the greatest voids thus far has been good economic studies. Particularly lacking have been adequate descriptions and analyses of the mining frontier. Now, with the publication of Clark C. Spence's *British Investments and the American Mining Frontier 1860-1901*, a work which won honorable mention for the 1956 Beveridge Award of the American Historical Association, part of this gap has been filled.

This is a well-written, thoroughly-documented analysis of the flow of capital from Great Britain to the Rocky Mountain mining region in the United States. Most of the work deals with the activities of vendors of mines, promoters in England and the United States and investors in England; relatively less attention is devoted to the use of the funds sent to the United States or to internal affairs and economics of the actual mining properties. In his organization the author wisely follows a topical outline rather than a chronological development of the subject. Thus, after an introductory chapter dealing with the general background, eight chapters are devoted to descriptions of promoters, their techniques, capitalization, management and litigation problems, and to relations with the federal government. Perhaps the best chapter treats at some length the notorious case of The Emma Silver Mining Company, Limited, an affair which well illustrates the techniques and problems of company promotion which were discussed in the earlier chapters. Since the Emma incident is so well-known it perhaps would have been better to use some other venture as a case study. Yet this is the best description of the Emma case which has thus far appeared.

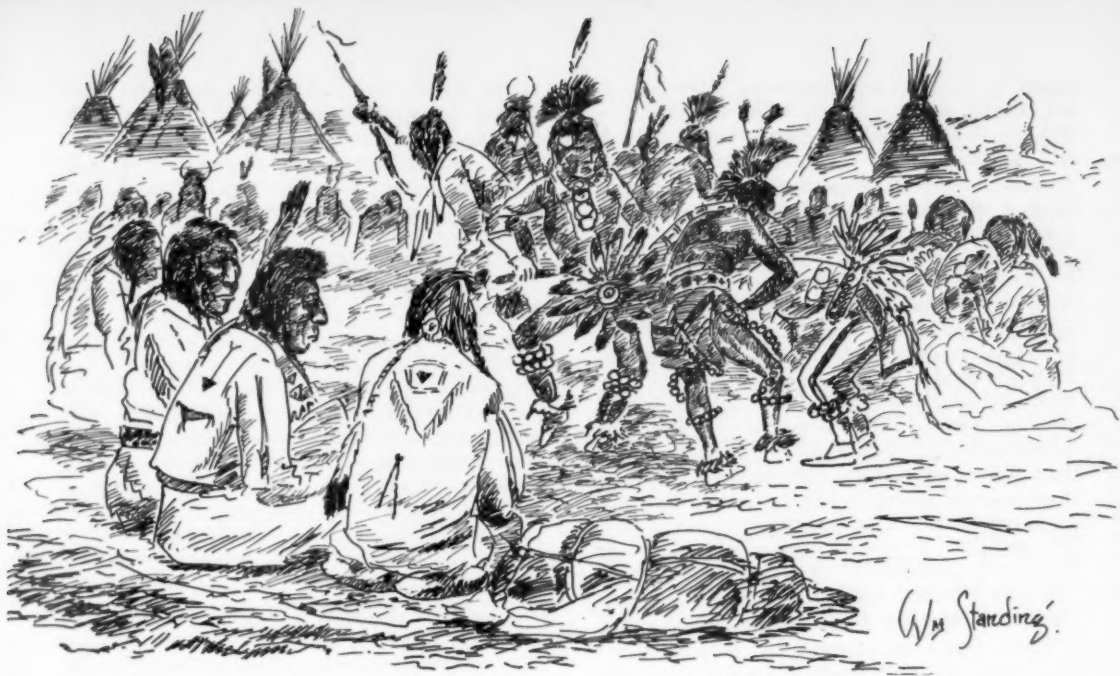
Only the activities of limited-liability joint-stock companies registered in England were considered. Any discussion of American-based firms in which the British held shares was precluded by the absence of reliable data. At least 518 companies were registered to do business in the Rocky Mountain states and territories during the four decades ending in 1901, but

probably not more than 274 of these actually commenced operations. Nearly one-half of the active companies were located in Colorado. Professor Spence estimates that the total investment in such companies was between £40,000,000 and £50,000,000 (about \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000), though there is no indication of what proportion of this reached the United States. Despite this large total it is surprising to learn that probably not more than 1.5 per cent of the capital invested in western mines was British in origin. If British purchases of securities in companies of American origin were included this percentage would undoubtedly rise substantially. Profits eluded British investors much as they did the Americans, for only one of every nine companies registered paid any dividends, and only ten ever returned the shareholders' full investment.

Much is written regarding the role of vendors and promoters of mines. Too often, perhaps, writers picture the shrewd Yankee raiding the pockets of the gullible John Bull. While a large number of unscrupulous Americans, usually living at the Langham Hotel in London, milked the British of large sums for valueless mines, perhaps even greater losses were incurred by investors through the activities of equally uninhibited brokers and company promoters residing in England. Through their elaborate brochures and the practice of using wealthy and titled Englishmen as dummy directors and stockholders they enticed English citizens into investing in their ventures. English promoters and investors, at least during the years before 1890, were generally ignorant of mining and metallurgical techniques and unfamiliar with physical and economic conditions in the American West. Lack of rapid communications often placed them at the mercy of dishonest local managers. Replacements sent from England to take charge of the mines and mills were selected as much because of their relationship to the owners as for any technical skill they might possess. Yet promotion continued, as Professor Spence points out, even during the periods when the federal government attempted to limit ownership and control of western mines and lands by aliens.

In summary, the author points out that if the total of British money in western mining was a small part of the whole, it nonetheless made significant contributions to the development of the mining frontier. British funds were available during a formative period when they were vitally needed in the West, and the successful mines were often the chief factor in the prosperity of the regions in which they were located. A good illustration of the latter point would be the activities of the Montana Mining Company, limited, at Marysville, Montana.

Several appendixes containing lists of the names and pertinent information on British mining companies operating in Western America, yearly listings of concerns registering with the Board of Trade in London, a geographical distribution by states of company activity, and a summary of dividends paid by such companies add much to the value of the work. An excellent bibliography is included.



"INDIANS AND OTHER AMERICANS"
by Harold E. Fey and D'Arcy McNickle. (Harper, New York, 1959. 220 pp., \$3.75). This review by Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon appeared in the May 9 issue of *Saturday Review* and is reprinted with the permission of the editors. Senator Neuberger, who has an abiding interest in the Indian question, is Pacific Northwest Regional Editor for this magazine.

American Indians weigh heavily on the collective conscience of us all. This was their land. They roamed it free as air. We took it away from them—by fair means or foul. Atonement for this monumental wrong often has been too little and too late. When we lecture to other nations about "self-determination of peoples," we conveniently forget that the only such determination that we allowed the American Indian was usually staring into the business end of a cavalry troop's carbines. TV thrillers now show the Indian as a cruel savage marauding against the good soldiers. But since when has it been savagery to defend one's homeland?

Harold E. Fey, editor of the *Christian Century*, has been a leading and fervent champion of justice for the Indian. His magazine bespeaks the Indian's cause. He and D'Arcy McNickle have written a moving and eloquent book which synthesizes the dark deeds that characterized our past dealings with the original owners of America. "Americans have an uneasy awareness of the red brother," they write. And this, of course, is true. By stirring such awareness, the Messrs. Fey and McNickle hope to arouse sentiment

for a more generous and open-handed Indian policy in the future.

Also, it is easier for humanitarians like Harold Fey and his collaborator to record earlier wrongs than to propose future redemption. Their book bristles with indignation against the Federal policy of so-called "termination" which Congress adopted in 1953 at the behest of the Eisenhower Administration. This policy meant, in essence, that "at the earliest possible time" the Indian tribes of the United States "should be freed from Federal supervision and control and from all disabilities and limitations especially applicable to Indians." In other words, reservation Indians were to be turned loose and the reservation divided up like a pie. If the Administration selected for the first such experiment those reservations with valuable timber and mineral resources—well, why be so suspicious and skeptical? Does the white man still covet the Indian's property?

Yet one of the heroes of *Indians and Other Americans* is Ira Hayes of the Pima Tribe. He was one of the six immortal Marines who raised our flag of victory on Mount Suribachi at the pinnacle of the bloody island of Iwo Jima. Ira later died of alcoholism and exposure in an Arizona cottonfield. But, before his death, he went to Washington and pleaded "for freedom for the Pima Indians. They want to manage their own affairs, and cease being wards of Federal Government." In so many such instances, regrettable though it may seem to social-minded men like Harold Fey and D'Arcy McNickle, the Indians themselves have urged that they be liberated from both the protection and restraints of the Federal reservation.

In the beginning, nearly all the greed was on the white man's side. He wanted the Indians' domain and he took it. But now, intruded into the acquisitive

culture of his conquerors, the Indian occasionally is not without his own cupidity. This excellent book devotes an entire chapter to the terminating of Federal custodianship over the historic Klamath tribe of Oregon. Yet one vital phase of the episode is omitted, which I think demonstrates the difficulty of solving this problem fairly and equitably.

After the Government had decided in 1954—and with unwise haste — to end its responsibility for the Klamaths, Congress later voted to buy the reservation from the Indians so that rich pine forests and waterfowl marshes would not be liquidated. An appraised price of \$120 million was placed on the property. This amounted to \$58,000 for each Indian withdrawing from tribal status—nearly a quarter of a million dollars, tax free, for a family of four. But the Indians were not satisfied with this price. They and their lawyers denounced it as a steal. They persuaded the House of Representatives to provide for a new appraisal. In vain did some of us—and this included trained foresters of the Indian Bureau—bluntly warn the Klamaths that the original appraisal was, if anything, high and overly generous.

The new appraisal sought by the Indians has just been made. It is for \$90 million. Timber values have dropped. Every Klamath has lost some \$13,000 from his tribal legacy because his own spokesmen thought they might get just a little more from Uncle Sam.

The Messrs. Fey and McNickle paint a graphic picture of shocking poverty on the vast Navajo reservation in the Southwest. The upland range will not support enough livestock animals to afford the Indians a decent economy. Who can blame the tribe for deteriorating under such circumstances. Yet, by contrast, the timber-rich Klamaths each received some \$1,100 annually in per-capita payments during the last years of their Federal wardship. Because it was free of taxes, this was the equivalent of a \$5,000 income for two parents and two children. Yet, even in their comparative affluence, the Klamaths were ravaged by whisky addiction. Despite the splendid schools on the reservation, only sixteen Indian youths graduated from high school in thirteen years.

One Indian tribe was destitute, the other relatively well off; yet both had many of the same aggravating social problems. What, then, is the ultimate answer for the 400,000 Indians still on tribe rosters? After all, despite the perfectly legitimate criticisms voiced of the Government by the authors of this book, it nevertheless is true that the Bureau of Indian Affairs has 10,000 employees and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare employs 5,000 men and women whose duty it is to minister to Indian health needs. This averages out at a ratio of one Federal bureaucrat for each 26 Indians. The personnel may not have been selected with the greatest deliberation, but surely it cannot be said that the Government is understaffed for the task for caring for its Indian wards? Furthermore, I have met many dedicated people on the staffs of these Federal agencies.

They feel—as do I—a sense of outrage over what was done to the Sioux and Chinooks and Blackfeet long ago. I can remember telling some of my friends

in the Bureau of Indian Affairs the story which Colonel C. E. S. Wood once vividly related to me of the poignant surrender of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, with his women and children slaughtered by our Gatling guns. Tears brimmed from my friends' eyes. Yet the past seems very far away when the lawyers for people who are only one-eighth Indian blood are demanding lavish cash retribution for lands where such people have not resided at any time during their lives.

In their indignant treatise, Harold Fey and D'Arcy McNickle charge that the United States provides a far more democratic and adequate Point 4 program for nations overseas than for American Indians. They make the point that any economic program on an Indian reservation is stuffed down the throat of its recipients and beneficiaries, whereas "a Point 4 program is not undertaken unless the people of a country request it . . . Management is shared jointly, with the requesting country having full authority to veto any items within a proposal."

The authors of *Indians and Other Americans* favor expunging from the statute books the resolution of the Eighty-third Congress which heralded "termination" of Federal responsibility for our Indians as the basic policy of the Government. They advocate, instead, the kind of Point 4 program which has been provided for Iran, including "assistance in health and sanitation, education and training, student assistance, industry, sugar importation, transportation, community housing, natural resources development, communications, land distribution, public administration, agrarian development, and land reform."

The proposal has much to commend it, particularly from the standpoint of emotions and sentiment. Yet, would it really be the ultimate answer? Are most Indian reservations susceptible of such development, or was the original theft so thorough that the soil will not accept the seed? How much could it cost the taxpayers of the country? This may be an unpopular question in so emotional an atmosphere, yet I try to be aware of the Treasury chart which shows that some 69 per cent of Federal income taxes are paid by Americans with net incomes of \$4,500 a year or less. These people need succoring in many instances, too.

Then there is the alternative of going through the "termination" and providing the Indian with thorough training and education to survive in the white man's world. This originally was contemplated. But neither the Administration nor Congress has yet provided the \$3.5 million annually, which was recommended in the act of 1955 that sought to encourage vocational preparation for Indians so they could become mechanics, engineers, court reporters, brakemen, barbers, linotypers, etc.

Nearly five centuries after the landing of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea in the New World in 1492, the question of justice for the descendants of the original owners of the realm that he discovered is still to be solved. I recommend a careful reading of *Indians and Other Americans* for any and all who want to help us confront this vexing problem.

Review Editor Assays Some New Nuggets On The Bookshelf

Montana authors continue to turn out Grade-A fiction and non-fiction at a steady pace. The latest among the straight "westerns" is Robert McCaig's *Wild Justice* (New York: The Macmillan Company; 1959), his seventh. The Great Falls author used for his backdrop the central Montana country lying between the Judith Basin and Miles City. Montanans will recognize not only a host of geographical names used in the story, but also those of some well known early Montana pioneers. Of particular interest to readers of *Montana* is McCaig's use of the big shoot-out at Lewistown on July 4, 1884, recounted by Dorothy Johnson in the Summer, 1958, issue of this magazine (pages 2 to 7).

Absolutely side-splitting is Dan Cushman's *Goodbye, Old Dry* (New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc.; 1959). Versatile Dan, having written a masterpiece of humor and pathos in *Stay Away, Joe*, followed it with his prize-winning *The Silver Mountain*, a book whose approach was completely serious. Now, shifting back to his talent for whimsy, he has produced a story of the dry-land farmers of the early twenties that will score a bulls-eye with anyone who has spent any time in Montana. To these readers the authenticity and understanding of his subject by the author will add a new dimension of appreciation. But even to the reader who isn't quite sure where the State of Montana is, this is bound to be tremendously entertaining reading. The Review Editor, long a devoted Cushman fan, signed up for the duration after this one. The Treasure State is yielding rich assay literary ore, and in Cushman the bonanza shows no sign of petering out.

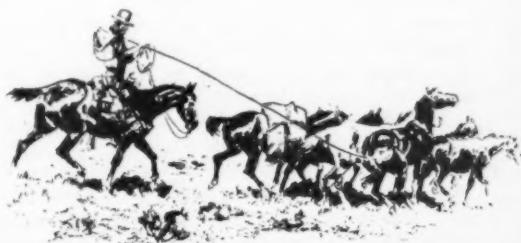
While this particular section of the magazine does not, as a rule, review juvenile books, it is appropriate to men-

tion two here. Dale White of Glendive, who has her own review section in this magazine from time to time, gave us *John Wesley Powell: Geologist-Explorer* (New York: Julian Messner, Inc.) during 1958. In March of this year she produced *Hold Back the Hunter* (New York: The John Day Company, Inc.). The latter is a novel about Yellowstone National Park, in which a number of familiar early Montana names appear, including those of Nathaniel Pitt Langford, Samuel Hauser, and Cornelius Hedges. Younger readers will, of course, more readily recognize the character, Jim Bridger, faithful guide and ready-made intrepid scout. Both of these books are solidly based fictionalized accounts of western historical developments and they are highly recommended to younger readers.

Also aimed toward the young reader is *Buffalo Kill*, written and illustrated by Gardell Dano Christensen, former curator at the Historical Society of Montana and now curator of exhibits at the Schenectady, N. Y., Museum. This delightful book is the result of research Mr. Christensen did at the Historical Society before he created the diorama depicting the Buffalo Jump or Piskun. It tells in words and drawings readily understood by young readers the dramatic story of how the prehistoric Indian of the Great Plains procured his buffalo before the advent of horses. An introduction to this small but mighty drama for youngsters is by Dr. K. Ross Toole, former director of the Historical Society.

—ROBERT G. ATHEARN

* * *



"JOURNEY THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND THE HUMBOLDT MOUNTAINS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN," by Jacob H. Schiel. Edited by Thomas B. Bonner. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1957. xxi, 102 pp., map, ill., bibliography, index, \$3.75). W. Turrentine Jackson, our reviewer, is a professor of history at the University of California, Davis.

The western American frontier was a challenging region for European adventurers in the mid-nineteenth century. Hunters, scientists, literati, and professional travelers came to observe, and upon returning home many recorded their impressions in memoirs, essays, and travel books. Publishing these accounts, or writing books on the American West as seen by European travelers, has preoccupied historians of the current decade. Thomas N. Bonner has provided the latest edition to this body of literature by editing the observations of Jacob H. Schiel, a German scientist who was attached to the Gunnison Expedition of 1853, one of the War Department's surveying parties for the Pacific Railroad route. Schiel was a trained geologist, but apparently the expedition was in greater need of a doctor and he succeeded in convincing the authorities that he was qualified. Upon his return to Germany, he recorded his impressions for his countrymen in a volume that had limited circulation and which has been rescued from oblivion by its translation and re-publication in English.

As one would expect from a geologist, emphasis is placed upon the great out-of-doors with comments on the flora and fauna of the frontier—poison ivy, mosquito swarms, prairie dog houses, and elk herds are given detailed attention. Schiel writes as a layman on all subjects except geological formations. He was intrigued by mechanical things such as the odometer which he describes with care (pp. 12-13). He noted that the Great American Desert resembled the African desert as much as a Rocky Mountain bear resembled an African lion (p. 31). He was shocked by the methods of buffalo hunting and predicted the extermination of the herds (pp. 20-22). He expressed great admiration for the prowess of mountain men like Massalino and Leroux, who served as guides for the Gunnison expedition.

Schiel resided among the Mormons for several months while the expedition was reorganized under Lieutenant E. G. Beckwith following the massacre of Gunnison by Utah Indians to the south of the Great Salt Lake. Although the limited objective information he provides concerning the Mormons may well be the most valuable contribution of his account, his viewpoint toward many things was unsympathetic. He ridicules the practice of polygamy, suggests that the soldiers had little difficulty in promoting amorous affairs with the Mormon girls (p. 72), and ungalantly states that there was not a single beautiful

woman in the community. Schiel was unimpressed by the Great Basin country the Mormons had selected for their Zion and thought less of their success in improving it. He insisted that the group was anti-intellectual: the schools were of the most elementary sort and the territorial library had been allowed to burn down because it contained too many books on jurisprudence. In general, he thought the Mormons were most effective as propagandists, and was pleased that he could find only three of his fellow countrymen in their settlements.

With the exception of an interesting sidelight on the Gunnison massacre from one whose life was saved because he had to drop out of the detachment when his horse gave out and who was among the first to talk with a survivor, this travel book provides little new information (pp. 67-70). Professor Thomas N. Bonner complains that Schiel "had no penchant for writing," and asserts that in his own translation he has not sought a literary style. With this, the reviewer can not agree. When compared with other western travel books, this volume is exceptionally pleasant to read. This fact alone gives the book distinction. The University of Oklahoma Press has exercised care with the format, printing the title page and drawings of a young Oklahoma artist, Joe Beeler, in an attractive green color to match the binding and dust jacket. It is a publisher's gem.

* * *

"THE COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC LIFE OF BEN THOMPSON, MAN WITH A GUN," by Floyd Benjamin Streeter. (Frederick Fell, Inc., New York, 1957. 217 pp., illustrations, bibliography, index. \$4.50). Our reviewer is Paul Adams of San Antonio, Tex., past president of the San Antonio Historical Association and more recently president of the Texas State Historical Association.

The outstanding feature of Dr. Streeter's biography of Ben Thompson, the lethal Texas pistoleer, is the thorough, laborious research on which the book was based. Since the early 1930's the author has made a hobby of gathering material concerning Ben and his reckless, irresponsible brother, Billy.

Dr. Streeter, who died on January 1, 1956, was well trained for historical research. From 1926 until his retirement in 1953, he was head librarian at Kansas State College. He had been archivist of the Michigan Historical Society. In his own writings he specialized in subjects of the West during the period of the great cattle drives.

During the many years Dr. Streeter accumulated his Thompson material he visited the many towns and counties where Ben Thompson had lived and searched diligently through local newspaper files and court records. The extensive bibliography and the section entitled *Citations and Comments* attest to the extent of Dr. Streeter's investigations.

It is to be regretted that the author doubtless found it necessary to depend for much of his story on William M. Walton's *Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson, the Famous Texan*, originally published in 1884, soon after Thompson's assassination in Jack Harris' Vaudeville Theatre in San Antonio. For years Lawyer Walton had been Thompson's friend and defending attorney. His book is a curious mixture of fact and fiction, sentimentality and bombast, exaggeration and distortion. As a source of material it is not reliable, but for certain periods of Thompson's life there apparently is no other source.

* * *

"CATTLE KINGS OF THE STAKED PLAINS," by George A. Wallis. (American Guild Press, Dallas, 1957. 180 pp., photos. \$4.75). The review is written by Clifford P. Westermeyer, professor of history at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville. Dr. Westermeyer is the author of *Man, Beast and Dust: the Story of the Rodeo and Who Rush to Glory*.

The title of the book suggests that this is a study of a particular occupation of a particular geographic region. Actually, it comprises fourteen chapters, spun around the individual interests of notable western figures and is laden with a welter of names, place names, dates, figures, and minutia. Among the notables (and other things) in these chapters are Charles Goodnight, C. C. Slaughter, John S. Chisum, George W. Littlefield, Isaac L. Elwood, Henry H. Campbell, Murdo Mackenzie, William H. Bonney, W. L. Hyatt, Claude Jeffers, Bob Crosby and other—"Cattle Kings!"

A portion of the foreword says "the author has tried to preserve the true story of the great ranches of this area. These ranches form the background for much of our Western literature. Although not a cowboy himself, the author believes that several years of newspaper work on the Amarillo Daily News, the Clovis News-Journal, Portales Tribune, Tucumcari Daily News, and other publications on or near the Staked Plains qualify him to make this contribution to Western history and biography."

As a "true story" it lacks the virility, lustiness, and brutality of the environment and participants. As a late-coming, qualified, frontier newspaperman the author might have collected this material at a tea party, inasmuch as the factual style lacks color and vitality. The most vigorous westernisms are the obvious clichés found in S. Omar Barker's Introduction which states that Mr. Wallis "knows the land and the folks of whom he writes," words which, incidentally, are misquoted on the jacket. The book is a classic of that school of writing known as "People I've Met," "Places I've Been," and "Things I Must Say." In addition virtue seems to be synonymous with the value of a

ranch, the individual acres acquired, the prices of cattle, the accumulation of personal wealth, and an abstinence from the use of tobacco and liquor.

In the light of the detailed information assembled by the author, it is unfortunate that the book has neither index nor bibliography.

* * *

A Significant Monograph

In 52 memorable pages, Major E. S. Luce, now retired, but long-time Superintendent of the Custer Battlefield Monument, makes available for all students of the Custer Battle the important "DIARY AND LETTERS OF DR. JAMES M. DeWOLF, ACTING ASSISTANT SURGEON, U. S. ARMY: HIS RECORD OF THE SIOUX EXPEDITION OF 1876 AS KEPT UNTIL HIS DEATH" (in the historic, tragic battle at the Little Big Horn.)

A brief but competent biographical sketch of the army surgeon occupies only a few pages; thereafter one reads the sparse, unemotional diary entries beginning in early March when the expedition left Fort Totten, up to the day before the battle, in late June. Concurrently, DeWolf was writing as frequently as possible to his "Darling Wife," and these intimate, often emotional and fact-filled epistles constitute the bulk and the vital substance of this significant monograph.

One can only conjecture as to whether the veteran military medico had tongue in cheek when he penned the last and longest letter which he ever wrote. Dated: "Yellowstone, Mouth of Rosebud Creek, June 21st 76," it tells a great deal in retrospect about the preparations for what was to be the last stand. But most significantly, he tells his wife: "I think it is very clear that we shall not see an Indian this summer," and later on, "it is believed that the Indians have scattered & gone back to their Reservations . . ." Four days later DeWolf was dead, along with Custer and his entire command, in the most catastrophic Indian battle ever fought by U. S. troops.

—MICHAEL KENNEDY

Pertinent Paragraphs in The Editor's Packet . . .

"I read with great interest the last [Spring 1959] issue of *Montana* (as I always do). *Montana* is a wonderful state, and *Montana* is a wonderful magazine. Now that I've said the nice things—which far too often go unsaid—and I am as much to blame as anyone, I know, there is a question I must ask.

"On page 20 there is a picture of Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, which states that it is the site of the bloody Fetterman Massacre. Isn't this in error? The Fetterman Massacre was 20 miles south of present day Sheridan, while Fort Fetterman was somewhere near present day Douglas, about 150-60 miles south of the Massacre site.

"In passing, let me say that I think Colonel Woodward's description of the Northern Cheyenne at Fort Fetterman is one of the finest articles I have read.

Mrs. Ann Lawton Wiles
Willow Creek, Montana

Mrs. Wiles is, of course, correct when she says that Fort Fetterman was not the site of the Fetterman Massacre. We regret the ambiguous caption under the Fort Fetterman picture, and appreciate her pointing it out to us. The error was also noted by another careful reader, Emil Kopac of Oshkosh, Neb.

* * *

"I have enjoyed reading Mrs. West's article on the starvation winter among the Blackfeet in the excellent (Winter 1959) issue of "*Montana*" magazine. Mrs. West did a good job of setting the record straight on this tragedy insofar as pointing the finger of blame in the right direction. She and I seemed to have arrived at pretty much the same conclusion regarding Major Young's having been made the scapegoat by earlier writers on the subject who didn't have access to the real facts. I hope she will do more on the Blackfeet. Tom Kehoe from the museum at Browning was in town last November and we had a good time talking Montana together. It isn't often I get a chance to talk with folks from out that way these days. Congratulations on the continued high quality and interest of the articles in the *Montana* magazine. I certainly look forward to the arrival of each issue. You have a fascinating field. And there will never be any danger of running short of articles which will excite and please your enthusiastic readers."

John C. Ewers
Assistant Director
Museum of History and Technology
Smithsonian Institution

* * *

"... I am particularly interested in this [Winter, 1959] issue because of the first printing of one of our Trigg paintings and because of Mr. Ford's splendid article. My husband was cashier of the Great Falls National Bank for many years and I know Mr. Ford personally."

Mrs. Robb Williams, Curator
C. M. Russell Gallery
Great Falls, Montana

* * *

"... My *Montana* magazine arrived safely in the envelope, thanks. Its arrival each quarter thrills me more than the ever-increasing space missiles. I hope I can think of a means to bring awareness of each magazine launching to my placid fellow citizens. Eventually the virus of appreciation would properly infect all Montanans, as it should."

Smith Willis, D.V.M.
Kalispell, Montana

We devoutly hope, along with Dr. Willis, that no vaccine against this "virus" will be found, and that many more good readers will become infected!

"In reply to your good letter of March 3, I hasten to ask your pardon for the seeming rebuke in my letter concerning Charlie Russell's alleged title for the picture on the cover of the [Winter 1959] issue of *Montana*. You . . . and the staff of the Historical Society of Montana have done too good a job to be censured for a minor slip-up which may not be noticed by anyone other than an old gray-head who remembers cow-range and cattle-ranch customs of the times before Hollywood made a travesty of the lives of old-time Western people—our people.

"I have deep respect for the devotion to moral principle held by my mother and her sister sufferers who endured the torture of riding sidesaddles and I cannot hold her to blame for showing no regret when my brothers and I tore up her fine, imported sidesaddle, riding burros and yearling steers after the taboo against good girls and women riding astride had been removed. That old taboo, I recall, was still a point of discussion a decade after the turn of the century . . .

"By the time Calgary and Pendleton had formalized riding and roping contests, many saddleries had dropped sidesaddles from their catalogs and by the end of World War I only one or two old firms were listing one or two styles of sidesaddles for the few older women who could not bring themselves to accept the modern change.

"By that time Hollywood was exerting more influence upon 'western' fads and styles than were real Westerners and 'cow people.' Now we have only our old albums, old catalogs, old books, Charlie's pictures and such worthy works as *Montana* to remind us of the change of half a century."

Bob Robertson
Box 335
Carson City, Nevada

Bob Robertson is a fountain of information on all matters pertaining to range life, riding and early day ranching. We enjoy his pungent style and his authoritative comments and hope to share more of them with our readers.

* * *

"... I have had some very flattering reactions from my "Iron Men" piece [Winter 1959], having in one instance been invited to address a group on the strength of it. This invitation came from the Society of American Military Engineers at Fort Peck. I plan to accept the bid when I can get away long enough for a visit to Glasgow AFB . . .

"I have just finished reading the Spring issue, from cover to cover. I particularly enjoyed Col. Woodward's experiences and of course J. Frank Dobie's story on Jim Bowie. The latter rings a particular bell for me, as my great-grandfather was one of the heroes of the Alamo . . ."

Cornelius C. Smith
4933 Jurupa Ave.
Riverside, Calif.

* * *

"I have read *Montana*, Fall, 1958, from cover to cover, and am truly impressed by the excellence of your magazine. I don't recall ever enjoying a single magazine so thoroughly from cover to cover. I have been interested in C. M. Russell for years, but now my interest has been greatly intensified. I have changed my vacation plans to include Montana—a direct result of your magazine—and am now anxious to have more information on your state as well as C. M. Russell. In case I decide on a late summer trip (early October) are winters late enough so as not to present a problem? . . ."

Giles R. Weigandt
3218 9 St.
Moline, Ill.

You can save money by giving to the Historical Society of Montana



This table, based on the 1958 tax rates, shows how much of each gift will be borne by the Federal government. In addition, of course, there would be a saving on Montana State income tax which has not been shown.

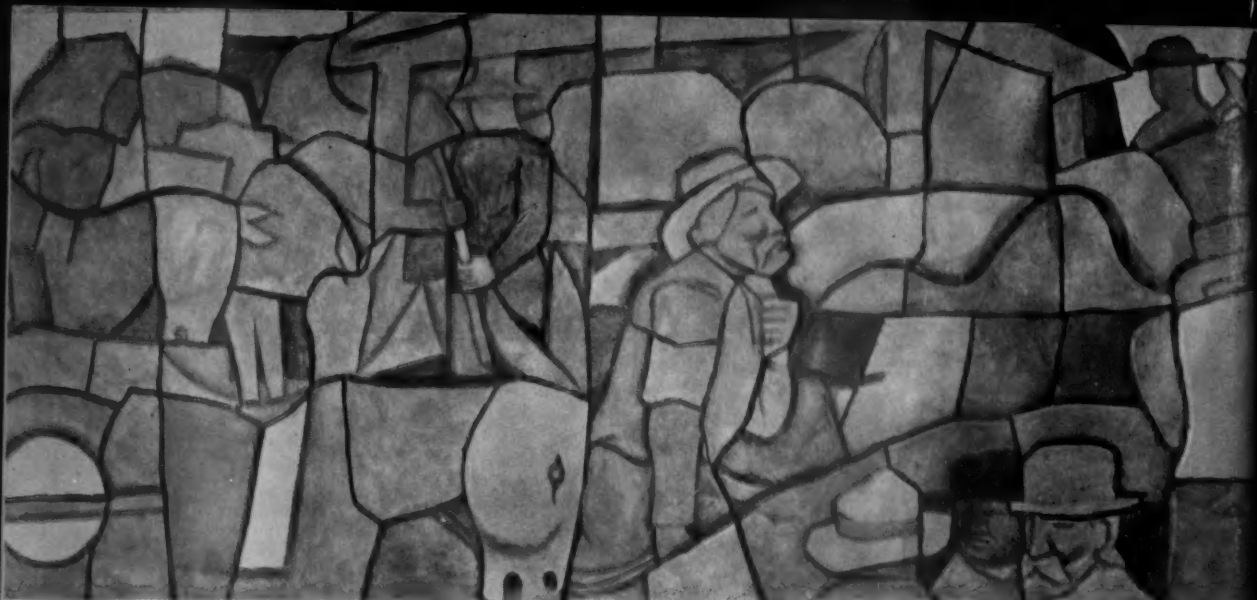
*If Taxable income before deducting contribution is—		**Cost per \$100 of Deductible Charitable Contribution is—	
Not Less Than	But Less Than	For Single Person	For Head of Household
\$ 0	\$ 2,000	\$80.00	\$80.00
2,000	4,000	78.00	79.00
4,000	6,000	74.00	76.00
6,000	8,000	70.00	74.00
8,000	10,000	66.00	70.00
10,000	12,000	62.00	68.00
12,000	14,000	57.00	64.00
14,000	16,000	53.00	61.00
16,000	18,000	50.00	58.00
18,000	20,000	47.00	57.00
20,000	22,000	44.00	53.00
22,000	24,000	41.00	51.00
24,000	26,000	41.00	48.00
26,000	28,000	38.00	48.00
28,000	32,000	38.00	46.00

* If you are married and file a joint return, take one-half your combined taxable income and use the table as if you were a single person. For example, if your combined income is \$22,000, the cost of a \$100 gift will be \$62. The same is true as to a widow or widower with dependent children for the first two tax years beginning after her or his spouse's death.

** If the charitable deduction will drop your taxable income into a lower tax bracket, the cost of the contribution will be slightly more than the table indicates.



*Remember! A gift can take many forms. We would like to
work with you and your tax advisor to develop
the best form of gift for you.*



THE DIMENSIONS OF MONTANA'S REMARKABLE HERITAGE . . .

Throughout these pleasant summer vacation months many thousands of tourists will traverse the vast, 147,000-square-mile empire known as Montana. Some of these visitors, unfortunately, will only see The Land of Shining Mountains superficially. They will compare obvious surface features with those of other places. Even on this basis many will be pleased; but Montana will have suffered.

The most vital ingredient in Montana's complex make-up as a vacationland is a remarkably rich heritage. Understand even a minute bit of this and you capture some of the heart and the soul, the spirit, the romance, vitality and depth of this uncommon land.

Let us cite one example: Drive an uninformed visitor over the uninspiring road 16 miles south of Chinook. He knows nothing of the history of the area or the significance of this site. He sees little more than a gentle range of mountains to the west; and such a 32 mile journey is wasted.

But tell this same visitor, beforehand, the rudimentary story of the epic retreat of Chief Joseph and the men, women and children of the sturdy Nez Perce; of their heartrending 1,600 mile journey from Idaho, across Montana, seeking sanctuary in Canada. This is where it ended, after four bitter days of the bloody Battle of the Bear's Paw. Here the valiant Joseph, in surrendering, said: "... my heart is sick. Our chiefs are dead; the little children are freezing. My people have no blankets, no food. From where the sun stands, I will fight no more ..." This was the last major Indian war on U.S. soil; the end of one of the most brilliant military retreats in all of history! The drama, the excitement, the meaning of it has been told in thousands of pages of books and articles. It is a magnificent moment of Montana history—one of tens of thousands. But unless one knows at least the rudiments of such background facts, today's scene has little or no substance.

It is the purpose of this magazine to provide this added dimension to the surface manifestations of Montana. In this we are backed by many dedicated people, and important business and professional organizations. Among those who directly sponsor this magazine and this cause are: The Anaconda Company, The Montana Power Company, Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Northern Pacific Railway Company, Treasure State Life Insurance Company, Foote Outdoor, Inc., (Billings), Frontier Town (at McDonald Pass near Helena), Great Falls Breweries, Inc., Great Falls Poster, McKee Printing Company (Butte), Montana Bank (Great Falls), and Reber Plumbing & Heating Company (Helena and Great Falls). They are entitled to your fullest support.



